

# Sacramental Hymns.



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# H Y M N S

In Commemoration

Of the SUFFERINGS

O F

Our Blessed Saviour

JESUS CHRIST.

Compos'd

For the CELEBRATION of his

Holy Supper.

By JOSEPH STENNETT.

The Second Edition Enlarged.

*Mat. 26. 30. And when they had sung an Hymn,  
they went out to the Mount of Olives.*

London, Printed, and sold by W. and J. Marshal in  
Newgate-street, A. Bell in Cornhil, and J. Baker  
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READER.  
TO THE  
ADVERTISEMENT  
AND



The number the Proprietors of those  
 mistakes that give into Copies being  
 written and which are mentioned by  
 being often translated from different  
 Hands; and to oblige those of my  
 Friends who desire to print Copies  
 for themselves, and who understand  
 to preserve me they would be obliged  
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 ADVERTISEMENT  
 TO THE  
 READER.

**M**ANY of the following Hymns were compos'd only for the Use of the Congregation under my peculiar Charge, but by means of the Copies taken by some Persons who heard them dictated in Publick they were dispers'd into many Hands.

To hinder the Propagation of those Mistakes that slide into Copies hastily written, and which are multiplied by being often transcrib'd from different Hands; and to oblige those of my Friends who desir'd perfect Copies for themselves, and who endeavour'd to persuade me they would be accepta-

ble and useful to many other Congregations, I consented to make 'em publick.

The first Impression being gone off, and a second for some time desir'd; I thought meet to review them, that I might render them less imperfect, by correcting them in several Places, which I have done, as well as added nine Hymns not publish'd before.

*Gal. 3. 1.* I have prescrib'd to my self, in the Composition of them all, to keep the Cross of Christ continually in View: seeing his Holy Supper is design'd evidently to set him forth before our Eyes, crucified among us. I have endeavour'd to assist the Devotion of those who communicate at his Sacred Table, by suggesting what I thought most proper to dispose 'em to Humility and Repentance, to Faith and Hope, to Admiration and Joy, to Love and Gratitude. And tho the Matter of 'em, as well as the Expression, may seem very much diversified, so that some of them are much more directly adapted to excite this or that pious Affection or Christian Vertue than others; yet they are  
gene-

generally so order'd as to have an obvious regard to them all.

I have cited those Scriptures in the Margin from whence the Thoughts and frequently the very Words are taken; by which means the Reader, if he is pleas'd to turn to the Passages refer'd to, may easily explain to himself those Phrases and Allusions, which at the first Glance appear somewhat hard and obscure.

I have chosen those Measures which suite the Tunes in most Common Use among us; tho they are not very favourable to a vein of Poesy. It being impossible to express the Sense so elegantly, when 'tis cramp'd and confin'd to very short Lines, as when a larger Scope is allow'd.

I have carefully avoided those very bold Flights and those Heathenish Phrases which some have indulg'd even in Divine Poesy; for I cannot think 'em consistent with the Gravity, Purity and Perspicuity which ought to be preserv'd in Hymns calculated for the immediate Service of God,

and for the Common Edification of Christians.

And because some few Words that are less Common here and there occur, where some plainer Word as expressive of the Sense or as grateful to the Ear did not present; lest these should amuse any Reader, and render some Passages difficult to him, I have subjoin'd a Table at the End to explain those Terms, that Persons of a mean Capacity, and not conversant with other Writings besides those of the Bible or some plain Books of Devotion, might be able to sing these Hymns with Understanding.

Those who reflect on what I have already said, will make considerable Allowances for the Defects they find in the Poetry. And perhaps the Imperfection of this Essay may be an Occasion of setting some better Hand to work, to oblige the Publick with politer Compositions of this kind.

The Love of Truth, and a charitable regard to some very serious and pious Christians whose minds have been so perplext with Scruples about the Lawfulness

fulness of singing in the Service of God, that they wholly omit this so very useful and agreeable part of Divine Worship, mov'd me to desire a very Worthby and Ingenious Friend to prefix to this Book of Hymns some Arguments on that Subject, with the Substance of which he had before entertain'd me, in giving me an Account how those Prejudices against singing of Psalms, &c. himself was formerly under, had been removed.

His Friendship, and the Hope I endeavour'd to make him conceive that what had convinc'd him, might (by the Blessing of God) have the same effect on some other Persons under the like Circumstances, made him willing not to refuse my Request; tho he has not given me the Liberty of mentioning his Name.

To this Edition I have also prefix'd a short Essay in Verse by way of Dedication to our BLESSED SAVIOUR, to whom these Hymns of right belong, as being consecrated to the Service of his Holy Table.

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## An Advertisement.

*If any thing I have attempted shall redound to the Glory of his sacred Name, and to the spiritual Advantage of any part of his Church ; as I shall account it an Honour, so it will be an Occasion of Joy and Satisfaction to me.*

J. S.

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THE

THE  
PREFACE,

By Another Hand.

**I** HAVE, at the request of the Reverend Author, prefix'd this brief Discourse to the following Hymns, in vindication of the Practice of singing the Praises of God, as a part of Christian Worship. And I the more readily comply'd, because I have my self labour'd under the Prejudices of Education to the contrary; till convinc'd of what I now esteem my Duty, by the highest Authority, viz. That of Christ and his Apostles.

I will not doubt of a becoming Reception from those Christians who have different Sentiments; I shall only intreat the Favour, not to say Justice, of any such who shall read this Preface, to think it possible for them to have been mistaken, and to be equally willing to receive the Truth, on which  
soever

soever side of the Question it shall appear to be.

One that reads over the New Testament with any attention, must observe a frequent Mention of singing Psalms, and Hymns, and spiritual Songs.

The Evangelists \* *Matthew* and *Mark* both inform us, that our blessed Saviour, together with his Disciples, sung an Hymn at the conclusion of the Lord's Supper, then instituted a standing Ordinance in the Church.

St. *Luke* in his History of the Acts of the Apostles tells us, that *Paul* and *Silas* being in Prison, and having been scourg'd on account of their Ministry, at midnight pray'd and sung Praises to God, so that the Prisoners heard them.

The Apostle *Paul* reproving the *Corinthians* for a vain Ostentation of their Gifts, particularly that of speaking in foreign Languages, tells † them, that they ought to sing with Under-

\* *Mat.* 26. 30. and *Mark* 14. 26. And when they had sung an Hymn, &c.

† *1 Cor.* 14. 15. I will sing with the Spirit, and I will sing with the Understanding also.

Standing.

*The Preface.*

xiii

standing; which could not be, whilst they were ignorant of the Language sung, tho it might be understood by the Precentor, or Person who dictated to the rest.

The same Apostle exhorts both the \* Ephesians and † Colossians to sing Psalms and Hymns, and spiritual Songs.

The Apostle ‖ James also exhorts the scatter'd Christians of the twelve Tribes to whom he writes, to express their Joy on all occasions by singing Psalms of Praise to God.

\* Ephes. 5. 19, 20. Speaking to your selves in Psalms and Hymns, and spiritual Songs; singing and making melody in your Hearts to the Lord, giving thanks always for all things to God and the Father, in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ.

† Colos. 3. 16, 17. Let the Word of God dwell in you richly in all Wisdom, teaching and admonishing one another in Psalms and Hymns, and spiritual Songs; singing with Grace in your Hearts to the Lord. And whatsoever ye do in Word or in Deed, do all in the Name of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks to God and the Father by him.

‖ James 5. 13. Is any among you afflicted, let him pray: Is any merry, let him sing Psalms.

Now

Now what is to be collected from all these Examples, Precepts, and Regulations of this Practice, but that singing the Praises of God is a part of Divine Worship in the Christian Church? And certainly any one would make this Conclusion from reading these Passages, who had never heard of any Controversy about it. It is indeed possible to raise Objections against any thing: Grammatical Criticisms may be pretended, and a forc'd Construction may be put on the plainest Words; but if the same Rules be allow'd for the Interpretation of Scripture in general as must be made use of to evade the Force of the Texts I have mention'd, the plainest Precepts may be render'd doubtful, and the clearest Doctrines overthrown. However, since there are some who still remain unconvinc'd of this Duty, I shall endeavour, without stating them particularly, to obviate all their Objections, and confirm the Truth, by shewing,

1. That the Singing mention'd in the several recited Texts is Proper.

2. That it was practis'd as a part of Divine Worship.

3. That

3. That it was perform'd by joint Voices.

1. That the Singing mention'd in the several recited Texts, must be understood in a proper, and not a metaphorical sense. To this there can no Objection be made, but from some pretended Criticism on the Original: for every one that understands *English*, knows that *to sing* is to express Words with a tuneable Voice, according to the Rules of Music; as proper *Speaking* is to express Words according to the Rules of Grammar: both being to be perform'd by Imitation and Practice, without an Acquaintance with the Theory of either; for they are equally natural, tho both reducible to artificial Rules. *Singing* in *English* is taken in no other sense, nor can any bare *English* Reader doubt whether this be the meaning.

As to the Original, the Word made use of by the \* Evangelists is deriv'd from a Verb whose pri-

\* Mat. 26. 30. ὁμιλοῦντες.

Mark 14. 30. ὁμιλοῦντες.

Acts 16. 25. ὁμιλοῦντες.

mary Signification is *to sing an Hymn* or Song of Praise.

Sometimes indeed it is taken absolutely *to Praise*, without determining the manner. But this is a certain Rule in the Interpretation of all Writings, to take Words in their first and most proper Signification, unless some good reason be assign'd why that Sense cannot be admitted in the Place in question. Now in the Instances under consideration no such reason can be produc'd, and therefore it ought to be render'd, as in our Translation, they *sung* an Hymn or Song of Praise.

In the Epistle to the \* *Corinthians*, and that of † *St. James*, the Word us'd in the Original signifies properly *to sing*. It is also sometimes us'd for singing to or playing on a musical Instrument; but when apply'd to the Voice, is never taken in any other sense than that of strictly *Singing*. In the Epistle to the ‖ *Colossians* we find another Word which also signifies pro-

\* 1 Cor. 14. 15. Ψαλῶ πρὸ πνεύματι,  
ἡμεῖς ὁ καὶ πρὸ νοῦ.

† James 5. 13. Ἐνδομεῖ τις; ψαλλέτω.

‖ Colos. 3. 16. ᾄδετε.

perly to sing, but is sometimes us'd to express the writing a Poem or Copy of Verses; which is a Sense of the Word that I suppose no body will contend for in this place, and besides which no other Sense can be put on the Word, but that of proper *Singing*.

In the Epistle to the \* *Ephesians* both the Words last mention'd are made use of. So that had St. Paul ever so much design'd to speak of proper Singing, it was impossible for him by Words to have express'd himself more clearly and determinately.

All this, I think, amounts to a full proof, that our Translation is in this matter every where just, and that proper Singing is spoken of in all the Instances given. As to the particular Tunes in which the Words are to be express'd, they are left as much at liberty as the Tone or different Elevation and accenting the Voice in Speaking. Decency is the only Limitation; and as the Tone of the Voice ought not to be wanton and ludicrous, so neither should the Musical Tunes be light and airy; both ought

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\* Eph. 5. 19. \* *ᾠδὴς καὶ ᾠδολογίες.*

in Divine Worship to be grave and solemn, becoming our Addressees to God.

2. That this Singing mention'd in the several recited Texts was perform'd and enjoin'd as a part of Divine Worship.

The Eucharistical Hymn perform'd by our Lord and his Apostles, is acknowledg'd, even by those who deny that it was sung, to have been an Act of Praise and Thanksgiving to God. For it is agreed on all sides, that Hymning is praising, whether by Song or without; and to be sure God was the Object with whom they were then conversant.

In the Instance of *Paul and Silas* the Words are express, *They sung Praises unto God.*

To the *Ephesians* the Apostle thus expresses it: *Speaking to your selves in Psalms and Hymns, and spiritual Songs; singing and making melody in your Hearts to the Lord; giving thanks always for all things unto God and the Father, in the Name of our Lord Jesus Christ.* And to the *Colossians* he says, in almost the same words: *Let the Word of God dwell in you richly in all Wisdom, teaching and admonishing one another*

another in *Psalms and Hymns*, and *spiritual Songs*; singing with Grace in your *Hearts to the Lord*: and whatsoever ye do in word or deed, do all in the Name of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks to God and the Father by him. In both which places we may observe the Action giving Thanks or Praise, the Object God thro the Mediator, and the external Mode Singing.

The Apostle James has it: *Is any among you afflicted, let him pray? Is any merry, let him sing Psalms?* which amounts to thus much: That as Prayer is a proper manner of expressing our Wants and Grievs to God, so is Singing a proper way of expressing our Joy and Gratitude. And indeed Musick and Poetry are both proper to express and move the Passions. They heighten and improve the Affections of Love and Joy, whilst they gently calm the uneasy Sensations of Grief and Sorrow. Thus we find the Royal Psalmist singing one while lofty Hymns of Praise, anon a mournful penitential Song, and again fervent Prayers and Supplications for needful Blessings. So that nothing which is fit to be address'd to God, can be unfit to be sung before him.                      a 2                      What

Jam. 5.13.

1 Cor. 14.  
15.

What St. Paul says of this matter to the *Corinthians*; *I will sing with the Spirit, and I will sing with Understanding also*; plainly appears to be spoke of the public Worship in the Church, being join'd with Prayer, which had suffer'd the same Abuse with Singing from the Vanity and Affectation of some in the Church, who had receiv'd the Gift of Tongues, and prided themselves in speaking before the People in an unknown Language: whereas they ought both to pray and to sing the Praises of God in such a Tongue, as that all present might understand, and join in the same Act of Worship with a sincere Devotion and a due Knowledg.

Now from what has been said under this Head it appears, That in all the recited places Singing is spoken of as being perform'd to God as the immediate Object: which is all that is necessary to constitute any Action religious, or a part of Divine Worship.

3. I now come to shew that singing the Praises of God was perform'd by the conjoint Voices of several Persons together. It is said of our Lord and his Disciples by both *Matthew* and *Mark*,

*Mark*, that *they sung* an Hymn [in the plural number] whereas Christ's blessing the Bread, and giving thanks when he took the Cup, are both express'd [in the singular number] as perform'd by Christ speaking singly, and the rest joining mentally only. And that they did so join with Christ in that Action, I suppose no body doubts; tho' it be said, *He gave thanks and he blessed*, that is, he in the name of them all, and on their behalf as well as for himself, solemnly pronounc'd their joint Supplications and Thanksgivings to God. But here the Phrase is alter'd, and the Evangelists tell us, That *they sung an Hymn*; that is, with joint Voices, as well as with united Hearts. Which as it is the plain and obvious meaning of the Expression, so there can no other reason be assign'd for the Variation of the Phrase.

St. *Luke* tells us, that the Prisoners heard *Paul and Silas* both performing their joint Devotions to God. I suppose no body imagines they pronounc'd their Prayers together. It must therefore be the Praises which they sung jointly, and that with a Voice so rais'd, as that their Fel-

low-Prisoners heard them.

There is another Passage in the History of the Acts, which I think, if duly consider'd, is to this purpose. In the 4<sup>th</sup> Chapter and 24<sup>th</sup> Verse it is said, That *they* [i. e. the Apostles that were then at Jerusalem, and the Believers that conformed with them, being assembled together] *lift up their Voice to God with one accord. and said, &c.* From the Context it appears, that the Worship then offer'd was a solemn Thanksgiving (tho concluded with a Petition) and that on a very eminent occasion, the Deliverance of Peter and John from the Rage of the Sanhedrim, by whom, after Examination, they were dismiss'd without Punishment, and this in accomplishment of David's Prophecy, Psalm 2. 1. Now the matter being Praise and Thanksgiving, and that express'd with united Voice as well as Heart, I see no room to doubt but that it was perform'd as an Hymn or sacred Song: unless it should be thought that they pronounc'd a bare Oration with united Voices; which is a sense I believe none ever yet contended for. We nowhere read of a Prayer's being pronounc'd by joint Voices, but of Praises

Praises being sung by joint Voices I have already given Instances. And the Action here being solemn Praise offer'd up by joint Voices, tho it be not said *they sung*, yet it is more than probable that they did sing; for tho all *saying* (which is the Word us'd) be not *singing*, yet to be sure all *singing* is *saying*.

These Instances, I think, are sufficient to prove that singing by conjoin'd Voices was practis'd in the Christian Church.

The Sum of what has been said, is, that from divers Texts of Scripture, collected out of the New Testament, it does appear, that the Praises of God were sung by conjoint Voices in the Christian Church, as a part of Divine Worship; and that this Duty is on several occasions regulated, injoin'd and recommended to the several Churches to whom the Apostles wrote their Epistles. From all this it naturally follows, that it is now the Duty of all Christians to sing the Praises of God, both in their publick Assemblies, and in their more private religious Exercises.

To this Account from Scripture, I shall add one foreign Testimony to prove that it was the constant Practice of the primitive Christians, in their religious Assemblies, to sing with conjoint Voices, Hymns or Songs of praise to Christ as God. And that is of *Pliny* the younger who was Governour of all *Pontus*, and *Bithynia* in *Asia Minor*, together with the City of *Byzantium*, not as an ordinary Proconsul, but as the Emperor's immediate Lieutenant with extraordinary Power. This great Man had for some time, in obedience to his Master's Commands, exercis'd his Authority in a vigorous Prosecution of the Christians; but finding that if he proceeded to punish all that acknowledg'd themselves Christians, he must in a manner lay waste his Provinces, he thought it necessary to write a Letter to the Emperor himself about this matter: wherein after having given a particular account of his Procedure against the Christians, and of their Obstinacy in persisting to Death, and of the great Numbers that had embrac'd this new Superstition, as he calls it; he relates what upon Examination he had found to be the Sum of the Christian Practice.

Practice. \* They affirm'd, says he, that the whole sum of that Offence or Error lay in this, that they were wont on a set day to meet together before Sun-rise, and to sing together a Hymn to Christ as a God, and oblige themselves by a Sacrament not to commit any Wickedness, but to abstain from Theft, Robbery, Adultery, to keep Faith, and to restore any Pledge intrusted with them; and after that they retir'd, and met again at a common Meal, in which was nothing extraordinary or criminal. This Epistle was written to Trajan then Emperor, about 71 Years after the Death of our Blessed Saviour, *Ann. Dom. 104.* and in the 7th Year of Trajan's Reign. By this unquestionable Authority we see what

\* Affirmabant autem hanc fuisse summam vel Culpæ suæ, vel Erroris, quod essent soliti statò die ante Lucem convenire, carmenque Christo, quasi Deo, dicere secum invicem; seque Sacramento non in Scelus aliquod obstringere, sed ne Furta, ne Latrocinia, ne Adulteria committerent, ne fidem fallerent, ne depositum appellari abnegarent: quibus peractis morem sibi discedendi fuisse, rursusque coeundi ad capiendum Cibum promiscuum tamen & innoxium, *Plin. Ep. lib. 10. Ep. 97.*

account

account the Christians of that time gave of their own Practice, viz. that in their religious Assemblies they sung Songs or Hymns to *Jesus Christ* as God.

Concerning the following Compo-  
sures I shall only say, that the Subjects  
are well chosen, and admirably a-  
dapted to the Occasion, proper to ex-  
cite becoming Affections at that great  
feast of Love, the Lord's Supper, in-  
stituted in commemoration of that  
perfect Sacrifice by which alone we  
are deliver'd from everlasting Destruc-  
tion, and entitul'd to eternal Bles-  
sedness. The Poetry is chaste and po-  
lite, the Expression clear and just, in e-  
very respect becoming the noble Theme:  
As such I recommend it both to the  
Publick and Private Use of those de-  
vout Christians, whose Breasts are  
warm'd by a Heav'nly Fire, and whose  
Souls are transported with a lively  
Sense of Divine Love.

## A H Y M N,

Written by the same Hand, upon his  
being convinc'd that *Singing* is a part  
of Divine Worship.

**E T E R N A L** intellectual Light,  
With pure Illapse my Mind inspire;  
And whilst I sing Thee great and bright,  
Inflame my Breast with Heav'nly Fire:

Tho long mistaken, I withheld  
Harmonious Song divine, thy Due;  
Yet better Knowledg now instill'd,  
Thy tuneful Praise my Voice shall shew.

Substantial Glory, from thy Throne  
Around diffus'd, illumines Heaven;  
With Life and Love fills ev'ry one,  
To whom those happy Seats are giv'n.

Nor there confin'd, thy Beams divine  
Irradiate all thy Church below:  
Thy Chosen with thy Brightness shine,  
And by their Love, thy Grace they show.

To

To every Heart, by secret Ways  
 Convey'd, Myſterious Influence !  
 The bright Effuſion of thy Rays  
 Gives Knowledge, Truth and Innocence.

When in deep Trouble, and oppreſt,  
 Thy conſolating Light ſuſtains  
 Thy drooping Saints ; tho ſore diſtreſt,  
 Calm Peace and Joy ſucceed their Pains.

So the returning Summer's Sun  
 Does with freſh Vigor bright appear ;  
 The Clouds diſpell'd, the Winter gon,  
 Glad Plenty crowns the ſmiling Year.

THE

# THE DEDICATION.

**O** THOU to whom Angels their  
 Hymns address!  
 To whom all Knees must bow, all  
 Tongues confess!  
 Sacred to THEE, this Sacrifice of Praise  
 A willing Hand upon thy Altar lays,  
 Encourag'd by that Goodness which approves  
 A poor man's Gift, tho' but two Turtle-Doves.  
 May I have one accepting Smile from Thee,  
 'Tis more than all the World's Applause to me.  
 Happy!

Happy ! if I a contrite Spirit bring,  
And feel my Breast warm'd with the Love I  
sing ;

Happy ! if these my Songs successful prove  
To make one Sinner look on Thee, and love ;  
To make one Prodigal confess thy Charms,  
And fly for Pardon to thy dying Arms ;  
To fan their pious Flame who Thee adore,  
And make the Souls that love Thee, love Thee  
more ;

Make 'em their Praises and their Vows renew,  
And give their All to Thee, to whom all Hearts  
are due.

(Way,  
L O R D, what a Train of Woes attend thy  
From dark *Gethsemane* to *Golgotha* !  
What gloomy Terrors did conspire to roll  
Through all th' Apartments of thy inmost Soul !  
What Troubles in thy lab'ring Bosom met,  
And flow'd in Tears, flow'd in a bloody Sweat !  
What Clouds with Thunder charg'd, black  
Horror spread,  
And broke in Storms of Vengeance on thy Head !

This

This dismal Night a darker Morn portends ;  
Seiz'd by thy Foes, abandon'd by thy Friends ;  
By one of them abjur'd, by one betray'd,  
And with a treacherous Kiss a Captive made :  
From one Tribunal to another led,  
New Pretexts fought thy sacred Blood to shed :  
Charg'd with those Crimes thy righteous Soul  
abhor'd,  
And there condemn'd where Thou should'st be  
ador'd.

Humble and meek the passive Victim stands,  
By vilest Tongues blasphem'd, and struck by  
rudest Hands.

A Prince to Universal Empire born,  
Scepters his Hand, and Crowns his Head  
had worn,  
Now holds a Reed, and wears a Wreath of  
Thorn.

The savage Croud the King of Glory jeers,  
With loud Reproaches wound his patient  
Ears,  
And mix their foaming Spittle with his  
Tears.

And

And now with slow and feeble Pace I try  
 To trace thy Footsteps up mount *Calvary*;  
 There see those Hands, that made and fea-  
 ter'd Bread,  
 And Thousands with the growing Banquet fed,  
 Those Hands that heal'd the Sick, and rais'd  
 the Dead;  
 That oft returning Sinners did embrace,  
 And for them oft implor'd forgiving Grace,  
 With pious Ardor lifted up to Heaven,  
 Now pierc'd with Nails amidst their Sinews  
 driven:  
 Thy sacred Feet the same rude Treatment know,  
 And both in purple Streams their Torment show.  
 I see that Face which Angels bow'd before,  
 Clouded with Sorrow, bath'd in Sweat and Gore:  
 Those Eyes that, mov'd with pity, did condole  
 The various Woes of every humane Soul,  
 And stain'd their Lustre with their pious Streams,  
 In shades of Death now quench their setting Beams.  
 With cruel Men the Powers of Hell below  
 The last Efforts of active Malice show,  
 And at thy Breast their fiery Arrows throw.

Thy

Thy Father, who before the World decreed  
His only Son for Humane kind shou'd bleed,  
His Hand with Thunder arms, his Brow with dread  
To strike Thee to the Regions of the Dead :  
*My God, My God,* aloud the Saviour cries,  
*Why hast forsaken me?* then bows his Head and  
dies.

His Passion Universal Nature moves,  
Except ungrateful Sinners whom he loves ;  
The trembling Earth her Maker's Sufferings feels,  
Her Pillars shake, her low Foundation reels ;  
The Rocks are torn by his expiring Groans ;  
The rending Vail his sacred Priest-hood owns :  
The Sun asham'd withdraws his sickly Light,  
And turns bright Noon into substantial Night,  
Afraid to view those ghastly Wounds agen.  
*Nothing relentless but the Hearts of Men!*

Dear LORD, I in thy Cross such Wonders see,  
Nothing besides has any Charms for me ;

b

Beneath

Beneath thy Cross O may I still reside;  
View and review thy Feet, thy Hands, thy Head,  
thy Side!

O how thy Sighs do from my Heart rebound!  
And all thy dying Pangs my Bosom wound!  
Nor is it Pity only makes me weep;  
No single Passion strikes the Heart so deep;  
Hatred of Sin, and Love of Thee combine,  
With holy Rage repeating Sorrows join  
To make thy Torments intimately mine.

Since 'twas my Sin for which my Saviour dy'd,  
'Tis just I should with him be crucify'd:  
My Sins procur'd the Cross, the Whip, the Steel,  
Made thee unutterable Tortures feel:

My Sins! O that they never had been mine!  
I hate them as my Enemies and thine:

My Sins! O how their Horror makes me start,  
While I behold their Stains, and feel their Smart,  
And see 'em pierce thy Limbs, and break thy  
Heart!

But since the Balm, that from thy Wounds did  
slide,  
Could heal a Sinner dying at thy Side;

Thy

Thy Smiles could calm frail *Peter's* guilty Fears,  
And thy Blood cleanse the Stain that he had  
soak'd in Tears:

Since thou hast born th' unsufferable VVeight  
Of a World's Sins, both Numberless and Great;  
LORD, hear a Penitent that prostrate lies,  
And at thy Feet for pard'ning Mercy cries;  
To be reveng'd on Sin implores thy Aid,  
Bathing with Tears thy Wounds, the Wounds his  
Sins have made.

O let thy Hands that bled, their Balm apply !  
Tho Sin cries loud, thy Blood does louder cry ;  
Thy Smiles will make me live, thy Frowns  
will make me die.

But if I die, I'll perish at thy Feet,  
And waiting at thy Cross my Sentence meet.  
Sure he, who dy'd for Sinners, won't despise  
A Sinner's broken Heart and flowing Eyes.  
O LORD, resolve my Doubts, dispel my Fears,  
Suppress my Sighs, and wipe away my Tears ;  
Or while thy Charms my wondring Thoughts  
employ,  
Turn Floods of Sorrow into Tears of Joy.

Tis done—Thy Groans and Cries thy Love  
resound,  
Writ with thy Blood, ingrav'd in ev'ry Wound :  
The Torture of thy Cross my Pain allays,  
Changing my mournful Sighs to Hymns of Praise.

O JESUS ! how Divinely fair Thou art !  
Thy Charms have reach'd the Center of my Heart ;  
Thy Graces all excite refin'd Desire ;  
How pure the Flame fed by Celestial Fire !  
Strong are the Bands that Hearts in Friendship join,  
But stronger Ties have link'd my Soul to Thine.  
Had I ten thousand Hearts, those Hearts should be  
A voluntary Sacrifice to Thee ;  
To Thee, whose every Scar so fully proves  
Thy Flame exceeds ten thousand other Loves.  
O' re come with Love and Wonder, I resign  
My Captive Heart, which now no more is mine :  
I yield my Soul to thy Victorious Charms,  
Flying for Grace to thy inviting Arms :  
Life will be Death, if I'm exil'd from Thee ;  
Death will be Life, if I thy Face may see.

Thy

Thy Loveliness is equal to thy Love,  
And far out-shines Angelick Forms above.  
LORD, if thy Cross could ne're thy Beauties hide,  
How dost Thou shine at thy Great Father's Side!  
Where the Ambitious Flames of Glory now  
With emulous Beams salute thy lightning Brow,  
Pointing, as in bright Crouds they dart around,  
Where each rude Thorn thy Sacred Head did  
wound.

While others Thee and their own Souls abuse,  
Debase their Love, and prostitute their Muse ;  
O Thou to whom all Love and Praise belongs !  
To Thee I give my Heart, to Thee my Songs.  
Waters will rise as high as whence they flow ;  
So Minds, that came from Heaven, to Heaven  
should go ;  
With holy Fervor to their Author move,  
Who gave 'em Pow'r to think and Pow'r to love.

Eternal Beauty ! I thy Rays admire,  
Kindling my Flame at that immortal Fire

Where

Where shining *Seraphs* light and cherish theirs ;  
Thou shalt my Praises have, and thou my Prayers.

May all harmonious Souls their Numbers join,  
And each a pious Offering add to mine ;  
Make Earth below resemble Heav'n above,  
Sing Holy Songs, and sing of Holy Love.  
'Tis Love does with eternal Joys inspire  
All the bright Orders of the Heav'nly Choir :  
Seraphick Psalmists to this Noble Theme  
Owe their sweet Musick and Poetick Flame.  
O may the listning Saints on Earth aspire  
To reach the Sound, and catch the holy Fire !  
And in their turn with pure Devotion sing  
The Praises of their Saviour and their King,  
Till Eccho thro Heav'n's Arches loud repeats  
The Sound, inviting Angels from their Seats  
To hear the Musick of the Church below,  
While this from t'other Heav'n they scarcely know,  
Nor an Eclipse of Light and Pleasure fear,  
Where they so much of *Grace*, so much of  
*Glory* hear.

## A

## T A B L E

To find any H Y M N if one  
knows its Beginning.

|  | Hymn |
|--|------|
| <b>A</b> NGELS and Men your Songs renew, ——— | 24.  |
| Behold the King of Glory sits ———            | 4.   |
| Behold the Saviour of the World ———          | 43.  |
| Come let us all, who here have seen ———      | 34.  |
| Come let us go and die with him, ———         | 39.  |
| Come let us bleſt the Glorious Name ———      | 42.  |
| Descend, O King of Saints, descend ———       | 6.   |
| Eternal Father, how Divine, ———              | 29.  |
| From Supper to Gethſemané ———                | 21.  |
| Glory to God on High, ———                    | 20.  |
| Gracious Redeemer, how Divine, ———           | 12.  |
| Happy are they our Lord has choſe ———        | 35.  |
| Haſt thou, my Soul, thy Saviour view'd ———   | 26.  |
| How many Miracles of Love, ———               | 15.  |
| How ſweet, how charming is the Place ———     | 16.  |
| How Glorious is this Holy place ———          | 45.  |
| Jehovah, we in Hymns of Praise ———           | 1.   |
| Immortal Praise be given, ———                | 11.  |
| In Grateful Hymns, ye Saints, diſplay ———    | 10.  |
| Let all who love our Saviour's Name, ———     | 32.  |
| Let all who enter Sion's Gate, ———           | 40.  |

Lord,

|  |     |
|--|-----|
| Lord, all the Works thy Hand has form'd, | 25. |
| Lord, thou hast treated us               | 31. |
| Lord, we approach thy Throne,            | 27. |
| My Blessed Saviour, is thy Love          | 22. |
| My Soul, let all thy nobler Powers       | 8.  |
| O Lord, how shall we frame a Song-       | 18. |
| O Lord, thou dost a broken Heart         | 28. |
| Others may tell of famous things         | 37. |
| Our Lord a Banquet has prepar'd,         | 23. |
| Sing Hallelujah to our King,             | 19. |
| That doleful Night when our dear Lord    | 3.  |
| The God of Grace to humane Race          | 13. |
| The Sun of Righteousness has shin'd,     | 41. |
| Thou art all Love, my dearest Lord,      | 2.  |
| To us, our God his Love commends         | 5.  |
| What mighty Conqueror do we see,         | 36. |
| What wondrous things we now behold       | 33. |
| When Christ, at Simon's Table plac'd,    | 38. |
| When Sin had brought Death with a Train  | 14. |
| Wherewith shall I a sinful Worm          | 17. |
| While thy Love's Pledges we receive      | 44. |
| With humble Boldness, trembling Joy,     | 9.  |
| Ye happy Guests, who meet around         | 46. |
| You that the Holy Jesus love,            | 30. |
| You who our Lord's great Banquet share,  | 7.  |

## ERRATA.

Hymn 18. line 2. for *Frame* read *Fame*. Hymn 38.  
l. 4. for *rather* r. *thither*.

# H Y M N S

F O R T H E

## Lord's Supper.

### H Y M N I.

**J**EHOVAH, we in Hymns of Praise  
Thy matchless Grace adore,  
That Grace that gave thy only Son, *Rom. 8. 32.*  
What couldst thou give us more?

He's *All in All*, his Saints in Him  
Divine Perfection view,  
And of his Fulness they receive  
All Grace, and Glory too.

*Col. 3. 11.*  
*Eph. 1. 23.*  
*John 1. 16.*  
*Pf. 84. 11.*

He freely gave his Blood, the Price  
Of our Eternal Bliss:  
Since no less could atone for Sin,  
His Love would give no less.

*1 Pet. 1.*  
*18, 19.*  
*Heb. 9. 22,*  
*23.*

He in the Wine-press of thy Wrath  
Was most severely crusht;  
Humbled himself to die, and laid  
His Honour in the Dust.

*Lam. 1. 13.*  
*Phil. 2. 8.*

B

That

That we might at his *Table* sit,  
And be replenish'd there  
1 Cor. 11. With these Dear Pledges of his *Grace*,  
26. Till we his *Glory* share.

## H Y M N II.

1 John 4.  
8, 16. **T**HOU art *All Love*, my dearest LORD,  
Cant. 5. 16. Thou art *All Lovely* too :  
Thy Love I at thy *Table* taste,  
Psal. 27. 4. Thy *Loveliness* I view.

Isa. 53. 2, 3. Thy *Divine Beauty*, vail'd with *Flesh*,  
Thy *Enemies* despise ;  
Thy *mangled Body* they disdain,  
And turn from Thee their *Eyes*.

Cant. 5. 9. But thou *more Lovely* art to me  
2c. For all that thou hast *born* :  
John 13. Each *Cloud* sets off thy *Lustre* more,  
31, 32. Thee all thy *Scars* adorn.

Isa. 63. 1, 2. Thy *Garments* tinctur'd with thy *Blood*,  
The best and noblest *Dye*,  
Psal. 45. 2. Out-shine the *Robes* that *Princes* wear ;  
Thy *Thorns* their *Gems* out-vie.

Pf. 73. 25. That I may be *All Love* to Thee,  
Cant. 1. And *Lovely* like thee too,  
15, 16. O cleanse me with thy precious *Blood*,  
Zech. 13. 1. And me thy *Beauty* shew.  
2 Cor. 3. 18.

Hymn 3. *Lord's Supper.*

3

My former Vows I now renew:  
O LORD, as Thou art Mine;  
Behold I give my Heart to Thee,  
For ever I'll be Thine.

*Psal.* 119.  
106.  
*Cant.* 2.16.

H Y M N III.

[*As the 100 Psalm.*]

**T**hat doleful Night, when our dear LORD  
Into the Garden did retreat,  
To vent his Grief in Groans, and Cries,  
In Tears, and in a bloody Sweat;

*John* 18.1

*Luk.* 22.44

That ne're to be forgotten Night,  
When our Redeemer was betray'd;  
Before his Sufferings he took Bread,  
Gave Thanks to God, broke it, and said,

*1 Cor.* 11.  
23, 24, 25.

Take, eat, this is my Body broke  
For you upon the Cursed Tree:  
*Perform this Ord'nance as I do,*  
*And when you do't, remember Me.*

*Mat.* 26.  
26, 27, 28.

He took the Cup too, crown'd with Wine,  
Bless'd it, and to's Disciples said,  
'Tis the New Testament in my Blood,  
For you, and many others shed.

All you, my Friends, must drink of this,  
Your Sin's Remission here you see:  
*Perform this Ord'nance as I do,*  
*And when you do't, remember Me.*

B 2

Yes.

*Cant.* 1. 4. Yes, LORD, we will remember Thee,  
And thy Love more than fragrant Wine :  
*Rev.* 5. 9, 10. How can we e're thy Cross forget,  
Which made Thee ours, and made us Thine ?

*Psal.* 137. 5, 6. Our right Hand first shall lose its Art,  
Our Tongues forget to speak or move,  
E're we'll prove thoughtless of thy Wounds,  
Those Everlasting Marks of Love.

*1 Cor.* 11. 26. We'll thus commemorate thy Death,  
Till thou appear on Earth again :  
And, LORD, do thou remember us,  
*Rev.* 11. 17. Make haste to take thy Power, and reign.

---

### H Y M N IV.

*Psal.* 24. 7. **B**Ehold the *King of Glory* sits  
*Cant.* 1. 12. At Table with his Guests :  
Welcomes them all with gracious Smiles,  
Them all with Dainties feasts.

*Jahn* 6. No common Food he here presents,  
30—58. No common Drink provides :  
*Joh.* 19. 34. For Meat he gives his Flesh ; for Wine  
The Spear his Heart divides.

*1 Cor.* 12. 28, 29. LORD, give us Faith to raise our Thoughts  
Beyond the views of Sense :  
Teach us thy Myst'ries to discern,  
And draw new Joys from thence.

Let's

# Hymn 5. *Lord's Supper.*

5

Let's know thy wounded Body fell  
An Offering for our Guilt;  
Let's know, to wash us from our Sins  
Thy Heart's pure Blood was split.

*Isa. 53.5,6*

So shall our Minds and Voices join  
In sacred Harmony,  
To celebrate thy Grace, and sing  
*Hallelujah* to Thee.

*1 Cor. 14.  
15.*

## H Y M N V.

**T**O us our God his Love commends,  
When by our Sins undone;  
That he might spare his Enemies,  
He wou'd not spare his Son,

*Rom. 5. 8.*

His only Son, on whom he plac'd  
All his Delight and Love,  
Before he form'd the Earth below,  
Or spred the Heavens above:

*Prov. 8.  
22—30.*

He charg'd the Darling of his Soul  
To veil his Glorious Face,  
To wear our mortal Flesh, and feel  
The Pains of Humane Race;

*John 3.  
16, 17.*

Our Sorrows and our Sins to bear,  
Our heavy Cross sustain;  
Upon a Tree to bleed and die,  
That we might Life obtain:

*Gal. 3.13.  
14.*

- Col.* 3. 3, 4. This Life is hid in God with Him  
 Who fell a Sacrifice,  
*Heb.* 2. 14. And Dying conquer'd Death for us,  
*Phil.* 3. 21. That we like Him might rise :  
  
*Acts* 2. 24. For he soon triumph'd o're the Grave,  
*Acts* 1. 9. And went to Heaven again ;  
*ver.* 11. There intercedes, and thence will come  
*Rev.* 20. 4. Among his Saints to reign.  
  
*Heb.* 10. 37 His Word assures he'l quickly come,  
*Rom.* 8. Saints for his Coming pray,  
*19—22.* The whole Creation for it groans,  
*Rev.* 22. LORD Jesus, *come away.*  
 20.

## H Y M N VI.

[ *As the 100 Psalm.* ]

- Joh.* 14. 18. **D**escend, O King of Saints, descend :  
*Pf.* 51. 12. By thy free Spirit's vital Heat  
 Fresh Joys to every Soul extend,  
 That at thy Table finds a Seat.

- Mat.* 18. O Prince of Peace, bless thou this Board  
 10. With those sweet Smiles which Angels cheer;  
*Luke* 7. O give us Peace ; and tell us, LORD,  
 47, 48. We're pardon'd, and accepted here.

- Mat.* 5. 6. As thou our hungry Souls hast fed,  
*John* 6. Our thirsty Souls sustain'd with Wine ;  
 55, 56. Nourish us with this heav'nly Bread,  
 And with this Sacred Blood of thine.

Teach

## Hymn 7. *Lord's Supper.*

7

Teach us to wash our Garments clean  
In the pure Fountain of thy Blood ;  
LORD, purge our Souls from every Stain  
I'th' Streams of that All-cleansing Flood.

*Rev.* 7. 14.  
*Zech.* 13. 1.

Each Sin of ours has been a Thorn,  
A cruel Nail, a Whip, a Spear ;  
By these thy sacred Flesh was torn,  
These did thy Soul with Horror tear.

*Isa.* 53. 4,  
5, 6.

Yet every Wound of thine does yield  
A Balsam for a contrite Heart,  
Which, on the painful Sore distill'd,  
Heals and allays the tort'ring Smart.

*Luk.* 10. 34

Amazing Love ! 'Tis Infinite !  
No Thoughts its endless Depth can sound ;  
It Heaven's high Arch exceeds for Height,  
And for Extent, the World's vast Round.

*Eph.* 3. 18,  
19.  
*Pf.* 108. 4.

LORD, to advance thy Praises here,  
Increase our Light, inlarge our Love ;  
And by thy Grace our Souls prepare  
For better Songs and Tunes above.

*Pf.* 11. 15.

*Rev.* 5. 9.

## H Y M N VII.

**Y**OU who our LORD's great Banquet (share,  
And welcome Places find  
His Table round, his Praises sound  
With well-run'd Voice and Mind.

*Mat.* 26.  
30.

B 4

Re-

- Remember all his Acts of Love,  
His Torments every one :  
*Heb. 1. 6.* Whom Angels fear'd, him Mortals jeer'd,  
*Mat. 27.* Blasphem'd and spat upon.  
30.  
*Ver. 29.* See's Head all torn with Thorns, his Face  
*Cant. 5. 10,* (Divinely bright before)  
16. Now mar'd more than the Sons of Men ;  
*Isa. 52. 14.* Reaking with Sweat and Gore.
- Psf. 22. 16.* See in his Hands and Feet the Nails  
Piercing the tender Veins :  
See how each VVound the blushing Ground  
VVith precious Tincture stains.
- Joh. 19. 34* See his Side spout a stream of Blood  
And VVater through the VVound ;  
*1 John 1. 7.* A Stream wherein we're wash'd from Sin,  
And all our Guilt is drown'd.
- But, Oh ! what Terrors wrack'd his Soul  
In that last Agony,  
*Mat. 27.* VVhen (e're he dy'd) *My God,* he cry'd,  
46. *Why hast forsaken me !*
- Joh. 10.* Thus groan'd and dy'd the Son of God,  
10, 11. That we might ever live  
*1 Cor. 2. 9.* There, where all Blifs our Souls can wish,  
Or can contain, He'll give.
- Mean while the Myst'ries of his Grace  
*1 Cor. 11.* His Table here displays ;  
26. O how his Love our Souls should move,  
And Tongues to sing his Praise!

H Y M N

H Y M N VIII.

**M**Y Soul, let all thy nobler Powers,  
And Faculties combine :  
Awake my Tongue, and to my Thoughts  
Thy tuneful Numbers join.

*Pf.* 104. 1.

*Pf.* 57. 8.

All that's within me, bless and praise  
My Saviour and my King :  
When he's the Subject of the Song,  
Who can forbear to sing ?

*Psal.* 103.

1, 2.

*Rev.* 15.

3, 4.

Holy and Reverend is his Name ;  
How glorious, and how sweet !  
All Greatness, and all Goodness too  
I' th' Name of JESUS meet.

*Pf.* 111. 9.

A Name vile Men shall one day dread,  
As now the Devils fear :  
A Name the Heavenly Hosts adore,  
To pardon'd Sinners dear ;

*Rev.* 6. 15,

16, 17.

*Jam.* 2. 19.

*Mat.* 8. 29.

*Rev.* 5. 11,

12.

*Cant.* 1. 3.

Most dear to them by strongest Ties  
Of his Redeeming Love,  
Which by a thousand Torments try'd,  
Did ever constant prove.

Tho Death and Hell unite their Powers  
T' oppose his Enterprize ;  
This spotless Lamb resolves to fall  
A willing Sacrifice.

*Joh.* 10. 11

*Heb.* 2. 14. So conquering Sin, and Death, and Hell,  
In Glory did arise,  
*Acts* 1. 9. And in bright Triumph soon ascend  
His Throne above the Skies.

*Jude* 14. Thence in due time he will return,  
*1 Theff.* 4. With a Celestial Train  
16, 17. Of Saints and Angels, and among  
Those shining Troops shall reign.

## H Y M N IX.

*Heb.* 10. 19  
*Psal.* 2. 11.  
*Heb.* 12. 28  
*Ver.* 22.  
**W**ith humble Boldness, trembling Joy,  
And with a Child-like Fear,  
LORD, we thy Majesty address,  
And to thy Seat draw near.

*Gen.* 18. 25.  
*Heb.* 4. 16.  
*Psal.* 80. 1.  
For Thou, Great Judg of all the Earth,  
Now on a Throne of Grace,  
Between the wondring *Cherubs* Wings  
Reveal'st thy glorious Face.

*Rom.* 8. 34.  
*Heb.* 12. 24  
At thy right Hand behold thy Son,  
Who kindly intercedes :  
His Blood cries louder than our Sins,  
And for our Pardon pleads.

*Isa.* 53. 5.  
*Dan.* 9. 26.  
Ah cruel Sins, how odious now,  
And how deform'd are they,  
While in that Crimson Fountain we  
Their monstrous Hew survey !

These

# Hymn 10. *Lord's Supper.*

11

These with black Horror fill'd his Mind,  
Inrag'd his Wounds with Pain :  
With Grief these rent his labouring Breast,  
And all his Blood did drain.

*Mat.* 26.  
38.  
*Pf.* 22. 14.

Tho these our Crimes all testify  
Our crying Guilt aloud ;  
*LORD*, vail no more thy shining Face  
Within an angry Cloud.

*Jer.* 14. 7.  
*Gen.* 18. 21.  
*Lam.* 3. 44.

Let thy Love's Rays attract from us  
A Penitential Dew ;  
And while our Vileness we lament,  
Thy pard'ning Mercy shew :

*Luke* 7.  
38, 47.

Then tho our Sins have numerous been  
Like Sands upon the shore ;  
Peace like a River floats our Souls,  
And Sins are seen no more.

*Pf.* 40. 12.  
*Isa.* 48. 18.

## H Y M N X.

[ *As the 100 Psalm.* ]

**I**N grateful Hymns, ye Saints, display  
*JEHOVAH's* Grace and boundless Love ;  
A Love, whose Flame inspires the Songs  
Of all the Heav'nly Host above.

*Eph.* 3. 18,  
19.  
*Rev.* 5. 9.

Tho we on Earth can't sing like them,  
Let's praise Him in a lower strain :  
A fervent Mind, that breathes his Praise  
With stammering Lips, He'll not disdain.

*Psal.* 103.  
20, 21, 22.  
1 *Sam.* 16.  
7.

*Eter-*

*Isa.* 53. 10. Eternal Father, we adore  
Thy Love, that mov'd Thee to expose  
The sacred Body of thy Son  
To bear the Wounds due to thy Foes.

*I Cor.* 15. 56. And Thee, dear Saviour, we adore,  
*Gal.* 3. 13. Who didst endure th' invenom'd Sting  
Of Death, and every dreadful Curse  
Justice provok'd by Sin could bring.

*Psa.* 63. 3. While we behold Thee on thy Cross,  
*Cant.* 8. 6. In every Wound thy Love appears,  
Dearer than Life, more strong than Death,  
Flowing in Streams of Blood and Tears.

*Zech.* 13. 1. To bathe our Souls defil'd by Sin,  
*Luk.* 10. 34. LORD, we approach this Sacred Flood ;  
To heal our broken Hearts, we seek  
The Sovereign Balsam of thy Blood.

*Isa.* 55. 1. 'Tis from this Living Stream our Souls,  
*Psal.* 23. 5. Our dying Souls new Life derive ;  
This is the Sacred Oil of Joy,  
That can desponding Minds revive.

*Psal.* 24. 7. O King of Glory, on us shine,  
*Isa.* 59. 2. Who thy own Table now surround ;  
*Jeb* 38. 24. Let not our Sins eclipse thy Face,  
Since thou hast such a Ransom found.

H Y M N

H Y M N XI.

[*As the 25 Psalm.*]

**I**mmortal Praise be given,  
And Glory in the high'st,  
To th' God of Peace, who sent from Heaven  
His own beloved Christ ;

*Luke 2. 14.*

*Psal. 2. 2.*

Him a Sin-Offering made  
For *Adam's* Guilty Sons ;  
Our pressing Crimes upon him laid,  
For which his Blood atones.

*Isa. 53. 10.*

*Ver. 6.*

*Heb. 9. 14.*

Such Torments He endur'd  
As none 'ere felt before,  
That Joy and Bliss might be secur'd  
To us for evermore.

*Psal. 22. 1,*

*6, 14, 15.*

*Isa. 53. 3, 4*

*Luke 23.*

*7, 11. &c*

*22. 63, 64.*

*Luk. 23. 11*

*Mat. 27.*

*26.*

His sweet and Reverend Face  
With Spittle all profan'd ;  
That Visage, full of Heav'nly Grace,  
With his own Blood distain'd.

*Mat. 27.*

*29, 30.*

Stretch'd on the cruel Tree,  
He bled, and groan'd, and cry'd ;  
And in a mortal Agony  
Languish'd awhile, and dy'd.

*Mat. 27.*

*46, 50.*

*Heb.* 2. 14. But dying left a Wound  
*Gen.* 3. 15. On the Old Serpent's Head,  
 For which no Cure can e're be found ;  
*Mat.* 28. And soon rose from the Dead :  
 1, 6.  
*Acts* 1. 9, Then did to Heaven ascend,  
 10. That we might thither go,  
*Joh.* 14. 2. Where Love and Praises have no end,  
*1 Cor.* 13. 8. Where Joys no Changes know.  
*Rev.* 21. 4.

## H Y M N XII.

**G**racious Redeemer, how Divine,  
 How wondrous is thy Love !  
*Rev.* 5. The Subject of th' Eternal Songs  
 9—14. Of Blessed Spirits above.  
 Join in the sacred Harmony,  
*Isa.* 7. 14. Ye Saints on Earth below,  
*Mat.* 1. 23. To praise *Immanuel*, from whose Name  
*Cant.* 1. 3. All fragrant Odors flow.  
*Phil.* 2. 6, 7. He left his Crown, he left his Throne  
 By his Great Father's side ;  
 Wore Thorns, sustain'd a heavy Cross,  
 Was scourg'd and crucify'd.  
*Gal.* 3. 13. His was the Torment, his the Curse ;  
 14. Tho all the Guilt was ours ;  
*Lev.* 14. To cleanse us, on our Leptous Souls  
 His Vital Blood he pours.

Hymn 13. *Lord's Supper.*

15

Behold how every Wound of his  
A precious Balm distils,  
Which heals the Scars that Sin had made,  
With Joy the Sinner fills.

*Luke 10.  
34.*

(Grace ;  
Those Wounds are Mouths that preach his  
The Characters of Love ;  
The Seals of our expected Bliss  
In Paradise above.

*Joh. 12. 32  
Gal. 3. 1.  
Rom. 8. 32.*

WVe see thee at thy Table, LORD,  
By Faith, with great delight :  
O how refin'd those Joys will be  
VWhen Faith is turn'd to Sight !

*2 Cor. 5. 7.*

## H Y M N XIII.

**T**HE God of Grace to Humane Race  
Does Terms of Peace propose ;  
He gives his Son, his only One,  
A Ransom for his Foes.

*Rom. 5. 8.*

Christ to fulfil his Father's VVill,  
Himself as freely gave,  
An Offering whole, Body and Soul,  
A guilty VVorld to save.

*Rom. 5. 10.*

*John 10.*

*11, 15.*

*1 Pet. 2.*

*24.*

*Isa. 53. 10.*

The Spirit Divine, for this Design,  
Lights on him like a Dove:  
The Sacred Three in One agree,  
In this great Act of Love.

*Mat. 3. 16.*

*1 John 5.*

*7.*

*Justice*

*Pf.* 85. 10. Justice and Grace like Friends embrace,  
With equal Splendor shine;  
No Gift could be so rich, so free,  
So Glorious, so Divine.

*Rom.* 12. 1, 2. Elest Saviour, why should we deny  
To thee, at thy Desire,  
An Offering whole, Body and Soul,  
As Reason does require?

*1 John* 4. 19. Since thou for us hast born a Cross,  
Tho free from every Crime;  
*Rev.* 5. 12. How great should be our Love to Thee,  
Our Praises how sublime!

## H Y M N XIV.

[As the 100 Psalm.] (Train

*Rom.* 6. 23. **W**hen Sin had brought Death, with a  
*Rom.* 3. 19. Of Miseries on the guilty World;  
And wretched Man was doom'd to be  
*2 Pet.* 2. 17. Into Eternal Darkness hurl'd,

*Mat.* 9. 44. Where the tormenting Worm, that gnaws  
46, 48. The festering Conscience ne're expires;  
*Rev.* 20. 10, 15. Where tort'ring Brimstone always feeds  
The ne're to be extinguish'd Fires:

*Gen.* 3. 24. When Justice wav'd the flaming Sword  
*1 Tim.* 2. 5. Of Vengeance o're the Sinner's Head;  
The Son of God step'd in, and stay'd  
The Mortal Stroke, and thus he said:

The

# Hymn 14. Lord's Supper.

17

Tho all the Offerings Men can bring  
Can't for one single Crime atone ;  
O God, I come to do thy Will,  
I'll bear their numerous Sins alone.

*Psal.* 40. 6.  
*Ver.* 7.  
*Heb.* 10.  
4—10.

A Mortal Nature I'll assume,  
Humane Infirmities I'll wear ;  
Hunger, and Thirst, and Weariness,  
Sorrows and Pains I'll freely bear,

*Heb.* 2. 16.  
*Mat.* 4. 2.  
*Joh.* 4. 6, 7.  
*Heb.* 4. 15.

Reproaches, tho they'll break my Heart,  
I am resolv'd to undergo :  
I'll suffer all that's on me laid  
By God above, or Men below.

*Pf.* 69. 20.  
*Isa.* 53. 10.  
*Psal.* 22.  
12—18.

Tho all th' Infernal Powers conspire  
My Great Design to overthrow ;  
Through Showers of fiery Darts from Hell,  
And through Death's horrid Vale I'll go.

*Mat.* 4. 1.  
*Luk.* 22. 53  
*Eph.* 6. 16.  
*Psal.* 23. 4.

Thus said, the Father soon reply'd,  
Content : I have a Ransom found ;  
Dear Son, to save a ruin'd World,  
Ev'n Thee I with Delight shall wound.

*Joh* 33. 24.  
*Isa.* 53. 10.

Go execute thy brave Resolves,  
Thy Sufferings shall rewarded be ;  
Many Thou shalt redeem, the rest  
Shall all at last be judg'd by Thee.

*Ver.* 11, 12.  
*AE.* 17. 31.

How precious are these Thoughts of thine,  
How glorious, LORD, these Acts of Love !  
For these we sing thy Praise below,  
For these Thou'rt better prais'd above.

*Psal.* 139.  
17, 18.  
*Rev.* 5. 11,

C H Y M N

12.

## H Y M N XV.

*Col. 1. 26,*  
 27. **H**OW many Miracles of Love,  
 What *Mysteries* of Grace  
 Has th' Ever-blessed *Jesus* shown  
 To *Adam's* sinful Race !

*Rom. 8. 3.*  
*Mat. 8. 17.* That he should humbly condescend  
 Our mortal Flesh to wear ;  
 Our Sicknesses, our Sorrows all,  
 And numerous Sins to bear !

*Phil. 2. 7.* Was't not enough, thou Holy ONE,  
 To lay aside thy Crown,  
 And, in a Servant's Form, on Earth  
 To wander up and down ?

*Joh. 11. 33*  
*& ver. 35.*  
*Mat. 11.*  
 29, 30. Was't not enough with Sighs and Tears  
 Our Miseries to deplore,  
 To teach us by thy blameless Life ?  
 But wouldst Thou still do more ?

*Ezek. 16.*  
 5, 6. Whence is this unexampled Love  
 To wretched Humane kind ?  
 What to attract thy Heart couldst Thou  
 In loathsome Sinners find ?

*Isa. 53. 4, 5.*  
*Psal. 23. 4.*  
*Pf. 16. 11.*  
*Mat. 7. 14.* Yet loaded with our Sins and Pains,  
 Thou through Death's Vale wouldst go,  
 That we made Innocent and Free,  
 The way of Life might know.

Wor-

# Hymn 16. *Lord's Supper.*

19

Worthy art thou, O *Lamb of God*,  
Among thy Saints to reign,  
Who to redeem them by thy Blood,  
Wast once an Offering slain.

*Rev. 5.12.*

## H Y M N XVI.

**H**OW sweet, how charming is the Place,  
With God's bright Presence crown'd!  
Happy his Children, who his Board  
As Olive-Plants surround.

*Pf. 84.1,2.*

*Pf. 128. 3.*

Eat of this Feast, says he, my Friends,  
Who to my Courts repair;  
Come, dearest Children, freely drink  
The Wine which I prepare.

*Cant. 5. 1.*

*Prov. 9. 5.*

LORD, we accept thy bounteous Treat  
VVith VVonder, Joy, and Love:  
O may we in thy House have Place,  
And never thence remove!

*Psal. 27.4.*

Here may our Faith still on Thee feed,  
The only Food Divine;  
To Faith thy Flesh is Meat indeed,  
Thy Blood the Noblest VVine:

*John 6.  
50. &c.*

Thy Blood, that purifying Juice,  
To cleanse our Souls design'd;  
To heal a Sinner's bleeding Heart,  
And cheer his drooping Mind.

*1 Joh. 1. 7.*

*Luk. 10.34*

1 Cor. 13. Here we are glad to view thy Love  
 12. Through Figures, and in part ;  
 But how much greater Joy wilt be  
 1 Joh. 3. 2. To see thee as thou art !

## H Y M N XVII.

[As the 100 Psalm.]

Mic. 6. 6. **W**Herewith shall I a sinful Worm  
 Jehovah's Holy place draw nigh ?  
 With what Oblations shall I bow  
 Before the Throne of God most high ?

Ver. 7. Shall I Burnt-Offerings to him bring,  
 Calves taken from their tender Dams ?  
 Will God be pleas'd, if I should slay  
 A thousand and a thousand Rams ?

Shall I upon his Altar pour  
 Rivers of Oil ten thousand times,  
 Or my First-born an Offering make,  
 To expiate my odious Crimes ?

Psal. 40. 6. No ——— God is so incens'd by Sin,  
 Ps. 51. 16. Such Offerings all would be in vain,  
 Too mean to save the guilty Soul,  
 And purge it from so foul a Stain.

Heb. 6. 18. With broken Heart and fervent Cries,  
 Dear JESUS, to thy Cross I fly ;  
 Tho other Refuge fail, on Thee  
 Heb. 7. 25. My Soul with safety can rely.

The

The Blood descending from thy Wounds,  
Becomes both Oil and Wine to ours;  
No Ease, till thy kind Hand this Balm  
Into the wounded Conscience pours.

*Luk. 10. 34*

*Job 34. 29.*

As at thy Table we behold  
Thy All-sufficient Sacrifice,  
Let's feel the Virtue of thy Blood,  
Which heals, and cheers, and purifies.

*Isa. 53. 5*

*Joh. 6. 54*

*1 Joh. 1. 7.*

So while thy Sacred Courts we tread,  
To Thee, O God, our Life and Joy,  
We'll bring the Sacrifice of Praise,  
In Praise our Hearts and Tongues employ.

*Psal. 43. 4.*

*Pf. 116. 17*

*Pf. 103. 1*

## H Y M N XVIII.

**O** LORD, how shall we frame a Song  
To celebrate thy Frame!  
Our highest Flights are all too low  
To reach thy Loftier Name.

*Job 37. 19,*  
*20.*

Yet should the Objects of thy Love  
Thy Praises cease to shout,  
To censure such Ingratitude,  
The Stones would soon cry out.

*Luk. 19. 40*

What was there, LORD, in sinful Man  
That could thy Pity move,  
To draw him from the Gates of Hell  
With charming Bands of Love!

*Pf. 144. 3*

*Hof. 11. 4.*

*Cant.* 8. A Love, by many Sorrows try'd,  
6, 7. And many a painful VVound, (Death,  
VVhose Flame could not be quench'd by  
Could by no Floods be drown'd;

No nor by all those Streams of Blood  
*John* 19.2. VVhich on thy Cross did meet,  
*Ver.* 34. From thy pierc'd Heart, and bleeding Head,  
*Pf.* 22.16. And wounded Hands and Feet.

*Eph.* 3.18. A Love whose VVonders far transcend  
*Exod.* 25. The reach of Humane View;  
19, 20. VVhose *Myst'ries* the inquiring Crowd  
*Eph.* 3.10. Of *Cherubs* look into.  
*1 Pet.* 1.12

O happy Men who taste this Grace,  
*1 Pet.* 2.3. VVhich Angels so admire;  
*2 Cor.* 4.18. And feel the Shines of that bright Face,  
VVhich they to see desire!

But when all *Mystick* Truth shall be  
Plac'd in a clearer Light;  
*1 Cor.* 13. VVhat Joy! *Christ* Face to Face to see  
13. VVith full and endless Sight!

H Y M N

## H Y M N XIX.

SING *Hallelujah* to our King,  
Who nobly entertains  
His Friends with Bread of Life, and Wine  
That flow'd from all his Veins.

*John 6.35.  
ver. 50, &c.*

His Body pierc'd with numerous Wounds,  
Did as a Victim bleed;  
That we might drink his sacred Blood,  
And on his Flesh might feed.

*John 6.53.*

Wormwood and Gall was once his Meat,  
His Cup with Terror fill'd,  
That we might taste the heav'nly Sweet  
His Royal Banquets yield.

*Pf. 69.21.  
Luk. 22.42*

When our Redeemer dy'd, he was  
Both Sacrifice and Priest:  
And now he lives, he is become  
Th' Inviter, and the Feast.

*Heb. 9.26.  
Luke 22.  
19, 20.*

We feed on Christ, and sup with him;  
At Table he presides  
As Ruler of the Feast, his share  
To every Guest divides.

*Rev. 3.20.  
Cant. 1.12.*

While he Love's Banner here displays  
O're our Triumphant Heads,  
Sin dies, and Grace revives, and soon  
Its precious Odor spreads.

*Cant. 2.4.  
Cant. 1.12.*

Nor are our Pleasures bounded here,  
 For he's gone to prepare  
*Joh. 14. 2.* Mansions, where Heavenly Manna shall  
*Rev. 2. 17.* Be our Eternal Fare,

## H Y M N XX.

[As the 25 Psalm.]

*Luk. 2. 14.*

**G**lory to God on high,  
 Good Will to Men below :  
 If thus the Friendly Angels cry,  
 What Joy should Mortals show !

*Heb. 9. 14.*

*Ver. 22.*

Those Angels free from Sin,  
 No bloody Offering need :  
 Twas for the guilty Sons of Men  
 Our Saviour came to bleed.

*Luke 2. 13.*

*2 Pet. 2. 4.*

*Heb. 2. 16.*

Yet the kind Heav'nly Host  
 With shouting rend the Sky,  
 Glad that the Thrones, their *Fellows* lost,  
 Redeem'd Men shall supply.

*Luk. 2. 10.*

*Rom. 5. 8.*

*Isa. 53. 10.*

VVhat good, what welcome News!  
 VVhat wondrous Love is here!  
 That God his only Son should bruise,  
 So Lovely, and so Dear.

*John 14.*

*2. 3.*

*Mat. 7. 13.*

That poor Apostate Man  
 In Heav'n might ever dwell,  
 VVho with wild Fury headlong ran  
 The way that leads to Hell.

Dear

# Hymn 20. *Lord's Supper.*

25

Dear LORD, with what Surprise  
Do we thy Sufferings trace ; (Cries, *Eph. 3. 18,*  
And mark thy VVounds, thy Groans, thy 19.  
Thy Sorrows, and Disgrace !

For all this hast Thou born *Isa. 53. 4, 5.*  
To expiate our Guilt :  
Thy Flesh to heal our Sores was torn,  
Thy Blood to cleanse us spilt.

Thy Shame deserves Renown,  
Thy Cross a Princely Throne ; *Phil. 2.*  
That Head becomes a Royal Crown, *8—11.*  
Which wore a thorny one. *Heb. 2. 9.*  
*Mat. 27.*  
*29.*

And one day Thou our King  
In Glory wilt appear,  
And Troops of Saints and Angels bring  
T' attend thy Triumph here. *2 Theff. 1.*  
*7.*  
*Jude 14.*

Glory to God on high,  
Good Will to Men below : *Luk. 2. 14.*  
If thus the Friendly Angels cry,  
What Joy should Mortals show !

H Y M N

## HYMN XXI.

[As the 100 Psalm.]

Mat. 26.  
36.

FROM Supper to Gethsemane  
Away our blessed LORD does haste ;  
Thither let's follow him, and see  
How he begins of Death to taste.

Pf. 40. 12. He saw of Sins an endless Scroul,  
Isa. 1. 18. Millions of Sins of Crimson Red,  
Isa. 53. 6. All meeting on his spotless Soul,  
While he stood charg'd in Sinners stead.

2Cor. 5. 11. He knew the Terrors of the LORD,  
Rom. 6. 23. The Censures of his righteous Law ;  
Gen. 3. 24. Naked the bright avenging Sword,  
And brandish'd o're his Head he saw.

Mat. 26. Horror and Anguish on him seize,  
38. His Soul's o'erwhelm'd with mortal Fears ;  
Heb. 5. 7. He groans, and as his Pangs increase,  
Luk. 22. 44 Sweats Drops of Blood, weeps Floods of  
(Tears.

Gal. 3. 13. But who can tell how much he felt  
On that Curs'd Tree whereon he dy'd ?  
Psal. 22. While's Heart like flowing Wax did melt,  
14, 15. His Strength was like a Potsherd dry'd.

There, as his panting Body hung,  
Luk. 22. 53 The Powers of Darknefs all combin'd,  
Eph. 6. 16. Their flaming Arrows at him flung,  
Heb. 2. 18. To fill with thousand VVounds his Mind.  
Men,

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# Hymn 22. Lord's Supper.

27

Men, by whose cruel Hands he bled,  
Ungrateful Men, for whom he dy'd,  
As void of Pity as of Dread,  
Blaspheme him, and his Pains deride.

*Acts 2. 23.*  
*Ver. 39.*  
*Mat. 27.*  
39—43.

His very Friends, like timorous Sheep,  
Are scatter'd from their Shepherd now:  
His Father's Anger wounds him deep,  
And to the Dust all makes him bow.

*Mat. 26.*  
31.  
*Ver. 56.*  
*Mat. 27.*  
46.

No pains, no Cost our God would spare,  
Revolted Sinners to regain;  
That they might Robes of Glory wear,  
And with him in his Kingdom reign.

*1 Pet. 1. 18.*  
*Rev. 7. 9.*  
*Ver. 14.*  
*Rev. 5. 10.*

Praise him ye Angels round his Throne,  
VWho us in Thought and Might excel;  
Praise him, his Servants every one,  
VWho in these lower Regions dwell.

*Pf. 103. 20*  
*Pf. 134. 1.*

## H Y M N XXII.

**M**Y Blessed Saviour, is thy Love  
So great, so full, so free?  
Behold I give my Love, my Heart,  
My Life, my All, to Thee.

*Ephes. 3.*  
18, 19.  
*Cant. 6. 3.*

I love Thee for the glorious VVorth  
In thy Great Self I see:  
I love Thee for that shameful Cross  
Thou hast endur'd for me.

*Cant. 5.*  
9, &c.  
*1 John 4.*  
19.

- Joh. 15. 13* No Man of greater Love can boast  
Than for his *Friend* to die ;  
*Rom. 5. 10.* But for thy *Enemies* thou wast slain ;  
What Love with thine can vie !
- Phil. 2. 6.* Tho in the very Form of God,  
*Heb. 1. 3.* With Heavenly Glory crown'd,  
*John 1. 14.* Thou wouldst partake of Humane Flesh,  
*Heb. 4. 15.* Beset with Troubles round.
- Rom. 8. 3.* Thou wouldst like wretched Man be made  
*Heb. 4. 15.* In every thing but Sin ;  
*2 Pet. 1. 4.* That we as *like* Thee might become,  
As we *unlike* have been :
- Phil. 2. 5.* Like Thee in Faith, in Meekness, Love,  
*2 Cor. 3. 18.* In every beauteous Grace ;  
From Glory thus to Glory chang'd,  
As we behold thy Face.
- Cant. 1. 3, 4.* O LORD, I'll treasure in my Soul  
The Mem'ry of thy Love :  
And thy Dear Name shall still to me  
A grateful Odor prove.
- Psal. 16. 3.* Thy Friends, the *Excellent* on Earth,  
Shall be my chief delight :  
*Psal. 1. 2.* And when alone, I'll make thy Law  
*Pf. 119. 97* My Study Day and Night.
- Psal. 84. 1.* Where Thou dost pitch thy Tent, and where  
*Psal. 26. 8.* Thy Honour deigns to dwell,  
*Psal. 29. 9.* There I'll fix mine, and there reside,  
There thy Love's Wonders tell.

The

# Hymn 23. *Lord's Supper.*

29

The Pledges of thy Love shall there  
Revive this Heart of mine :  
Thy Love, more fragrant and more sweet  
Than Bowls of Generous Wine.

*Cant. 2. 5.*

*Cant. 1. 2.*

## H Y M N XXIII.

[*As the 100 Psalm.*]

**O**UR LORD a Banquet has prepar'd,  
And every hungry Soul invites ;  
Among his Friends at Table sits,  
To bless 'em with refin'd Delights.

*1255. 1, 2.*

*Cant. 1. 12.*

The Grape's pure Blood, and Flower of  
Are proper Symbols to describe (Wheat  
The Heavenly Bread Believers eat,  
The sacred Wine which they imbibe.

*Deut. 32.*

*14.*

*John 6.*

*53—58.*

Salem's Great Prince, *Melchizedeck*,  
Priest of an Order most Divine,  
The conquering Patriarch met, and fed  
His weary Troops with Bread and Wine :

*Gen. 14. 18.*

*Pf. 110. 4.*

Of the same Order Christ our Priest,  
The other's Antitype, and Lord,  
For Bread his broken Body gives,  
And does for Wine his Blood afford.

*Heb. 5. 10.*

*Ch. 6. 20.*

JESUS the King of Righteousness,  
And Prince of Peace, to entertain  
Victorious Saints that bear his Arms,  
Was willing to be bruise'd and slain.

*Heb. 7. 1, 2.*

*Rom. 8. 37.*

*Job. 6. 51.*

*From*

*Col.* 3. 4. From Thee alone, O LORD of Life,  
*John* 6. Our Souls their Life of Grace derive ;  
 32, 33. By Thee, the true and living Bread,  
*Gal.* 2. 20. VVe're daily fed and kept alive.

2 *Cor.* 5. To Thee, LORD, we resolve to live,  
 15. To thee who dost our Life sustain ;  
 1 *Theff.* 4. And with Thee hope to live at last,  
 16, 17. VVith Thee eternally to reign.

## H Y M N XXIV.

*Psal.* 96. 1. **A**ngels and Men, your Songs renew,  
 Sing all with pious Mirth ;  
*Pf.* 96. 11. Rejoice and shout, ye Heavens above,  
 And be thou glad, O Earth.

*Rom.* 8. 3. His Son the God of Grace sent down  
 VVith sinful Men to dwell,  
*John* 8. The wretched Captives to redeem  
 34, 36. From the wide Jaws of Hell.

*Heb.* 9. So heinous were our Crimes, so great  
 9—12. Our Guilt ; that nothing less  
 1 *Pet.* 1. Than the Effusion of his Blood  
 18, 19. Could purchase our Release.

*Heb.* 10. 19  
 1 *Theff.* 1. His Blood his Father's VVrath atones,  
 10. Quenches Infernal Fire,  
 1 *Cor.* 15. Disarms Death of its poison'd Sting,  
 55, 56, 57. Makes Hell's black Troops retire.

*Heb.* 2. 14.

He

# Hymn 24. *Lord's Supper.*

31

He gain'd this Victory alone,  
We in the Triumph share;  
He wore our Thorns, that we with Him  
Might Crowns of Glory wear.

*Isa. 63. 3.*

*Rev. 7. 9.  
& 2. 10.*

Thy Love, O LORD our Righteousness,  
Our highest Thoughts transcends;  
Divinely Free, and knows no Bounds;  
Constant, and never ends.

*Jer. 23. 6.*

*Eph. 2. 18.*

*Psal. 136.  
1, &c.*

O may that Joy thy Favor brings,  
In all our Souls abound!  
So while our King at Table sits,  
Our Tongues his Praise shall sound.

*Phil. 4. 7.*

*Cant. 1. 12.*

*Ver. 4.*

Of the sweet Fruits of Paradise  
Thou giv'st us here a Taste;  
Wisely reserving for thy Friends  
The best Wine to the last,

*Ephes. 1.*

*13, 14.*

*John 2. 10.*

To that bright endless Day, when we  
Shall hidden Manna eat  
Amidst the Heav'nly Eden, where  
Our Bliss shall be compleat.

*Rev. 2. 17.*

*Ver. 7.*

H Y M N

## H Y M N XXV.

*Psal.* 8. **L**ORD, all the Works thy Hand has form'd  
In Earth and Heaven above,  
*Pf.* 107.8, And all thy Tracks of Providence  
15, 21, 31. Shew Thee a God of Love.

*1 John* 4. But thy surprizing Acts of Grace  
10. To Adam's guilty Seed,  
Loudly proclaim to all the World,  
& 4.8, 16. That God is Love indeed.

*Rom.* 5. To Objects who deserve thy Wrath  
8, 10. Thy boundless Love extends;  
*Joh.* 15.13. Thou'rt kinder to thy Enemies  
Than Men are to their Friends.

*Eph.* 1. 4, Love drew the Model of our Bliss  
5, 6, 7. In the Decrees Divine,  
*John* 13.1. Conducts the Work, and will compleat  
At length the vast Design.

*Mat.* 1. 23. Love brought Heav'n's Heir down from his  
Into a Virgin's Womb; (Throne  
*Joh.* 19.41 Fasten'd him to a Cursed Tree,  
And laid him in a Tomb.

*Prov.* 31. In his Words, Deeds, and Sufferings all,  
26. The Law of Kindness reign'd;  
*1 John* 4. Love open'd all his ghastly Wounds,  
10. Through which his Life was drain'd.

His

Hymn 26. *Lord's Supper.*

33

His *Love* as freely tenders now  
That meritorious Blood,  
That broken Body, to our Souls  
The best and sweetest Food.

*John 61.*  
51, &c.

*Love* carry'd him up to his Throne,  
There to prepare us room;  
And *Love* will bring him down again  
At last, to lead us home.

*Joh. 16. 17*  
*Heb. 9. 28.*  
*1 Theff. 4.*  
17.

H Y M N XXVI.

[*As the 100 Psalm.*]

**H**Ast Thou, my Soul, thy Saviour view'd  
As on the Cross he hung and bled?  
Hast seen his Bruises, Wounds, and Tears,  
Seen him bow down his dying Head?

*Acts. 30.*  
*Heb. 5. 7, 8.*

Hast heard how rudely he was jeer'd  
By those that made him groan and die?  
Heard him amidst their cruel Scoffs,  
Ev'n rend the Heavens with his Cry,

*Mat. 27.*  
39—43.  
*Mat. 27.*  
46.

That doleful Cry, *My God, my God,*  
*O why hast thou thy Son forsook!*  
Hast mark'd the Anguish of his Words,  
The mortal Horror of his Look?

*Ver. 50.*

All this is much, yet 'tis not All,  
But thou no proper Terms canst find  
To paint the Torments of his Soul,  
The inward Bruises of his Mind.

*Isa. 53. 10.*

*Isa. 53. 6.* All this and more than thou, my Soul,  
Canst tell or think, he did endure,  
To skreen thee from his Father's Wrath,  
And thy Eternal Bliss secure.

*Isa. 52. 14.* Look back once more, and view his Head,  
His Back, his Hands, his Feet, his Side ;  
And tell if any Sight like this  
Is found in all the World beside.

*Phil. 3. 8.* No, all to me is Dung and Dross,  
But my dear JESUS crucify'd :  
*Cant. 2. 3.* Under the Shadow of his Cross  
I'll sit me down, and there abide.

*Joh. 15. 13.* His Wounds, the noblest Proofs of Love,  
*Cant. 5. 16.* His Beauty too I there shall see,  
*Ezek. 16.* Darting through his reproachful Vail  
*14.* Its sweet and powerful Beams on me.

## H Y M N XXVII.

[As the 25 Psalm.]

*Heb. 4. 16.* **L** ORD, we approach thy Throne,  
*Heb. 13. 15.* To thee Thank-Offerings bring ;  
*Psal. 29. 9.* For in thy Temple every one  
Should of thy Glory sing.

*Pf. 68. 16.* There Thou art pleas'd to dwell,  
*Psal. 27. 4.* And there thy Beauty shines ;  
*Pf. 25. 14.* There to thy Fav'rites Thou dost tell  
Thy great, thy good Designs.

Thy

# Hymn 27. Lord's Supper.

35

Thy Table they draw near,  
To which thy Calls invite;  
They find the best of Dainties there,  
And There to dwell delight.

*Cant. 5. 1.*

Thy Flesh is Meat indeed,  
Thy Blood the richest Wine;  
How blest are they who often feed  
On this Repast of thine!

*Joh. 6. 55.*

While by our Sins to Thee  
We fill'd a bitter Cup,  
Thou mad'st this Noble Treat, that we  
Might at thy Table sup.

*Mat. 26.*

39.

& 27. 34.

& 26. 26.

May Joy, with humble Fear,  
A true Devotion raise  
In all who are assembled here,  
To celebrate thy Praise.

*Psal. 2. 11.*

So while thy Courts resound  
With Songs, we shall confess  
That no such Pleasure's to be found  
In Tents of Wickedness.

*Pf. 84. 10.*

And if such Feasts as this  
Yield so much Sweet below,  
What Joys swim in those Floods of Bliss,  
Which at thy right Hand flow?

*Psal. 36.*

7, 8.

*Pf. 16. 11.*

## H Y M N XXVIII.

*Pf.* 51. 17. **O** LORD, Thou dost a broken Heart  
And contrite Mind approve,  
And wilt the Penitent receive  
With Pity, Joy, and Love.

*Pfal.* 2. 11. Teach us o're all our Sins to weep,  
And in thy Grace rejoice ;

*Pf.* 130. 4. To mix Confessions of our Guilt  
With a Thanksgiving Voice.

*Joh.* 16. 8. Let thy free Spirit's Convincing Power

9, 10, 11. Induce us to repent ;

*Joh.* 2. 20. That Holy Oil will soften Rocks,

*Acts* 2. 37. Make flinty Hearts relent.

*Joh.* 14. 16. Let that reviving Comforter

*Eph.* 1. 13. Seal to us pard'ning Grace ;

*Isa.* 59. 2. Nor let the Sins we loath, eclipse  
The Lustre of thy Face.

*Joh.* 2. 1. Behold our Glorious Advocate

At thy right Hand inthron'd,

*Heb.* 9. 26. Who by the Offering of his Blood

Has for them all aton'd.

He for our great and numerous Sins

*Isa.* 53. 3, 4. Once numerous Torments bore ;

For them the Scourges, Thorns, and Nails,  
His Flesh so rudely tore.

Rivers

# Hymn 29. Lord's Supper.

37

Rivers of Blood ran from his VVounds,  
His Eyes wept briny Showers ;  
And all this Pain and Grief he felt  
For Crimes entirely ours.

*Pf. 22. 14.*

*Heb. 5. 7.*

*Isa. 53. 5, 6*

LORD, since our Pardon cost so dear,  
Yet comes to us so free,  
VVhence is it that our narrow Souls  
Shew no more Love to Thee ?

*1 Pet. 1.*

*18, 19.*

May this Endearing Love of thine,  
By thousand Torments prov'd,  
Increase our Love and Zeal to Thee,  
VVho us so much hast lov'd.

*Luk. 7. 47.*

*1 Cor. 6. 20.*

## H Y M N XXIX.

[As the 100 Psalm.]

**E**Ternal Father, how Divine,  
How Noble is this Gift of thine !  
That Thou shouldst send thy only Son,  
That Holy, Lov'd, and Lovely One ;

*Rom. 8. 32.*

*Mat. 3. 17.*

The noblest Object of thy Love,  
To leave his Throne and Crown above,  
To dwell with Mortals here below,  
And Death for them to undergo !

*Prov. 8. 31.*

*Phil. 2. 6,*

*7, 8.*

And Thou, blest Saviour, who didst come  
So freely from thy Heav'nly home,  
To make thy Self a Sacrifice  
For Criminals and Enemies:

*Prov. 8. 31.*

*Psal. 40.*

*6, 7, 8.*

How

- John 17. 5.* How full of Wonder is that Love  
That could determine thee to move  
From thy Illustrious Palace, where  
The Heav'nly Host did Thee revere !
- Isa. 6. com-  
par'd with  
John 12.  
37—42.* Where Flaming *Seraphs* bow'd before  
Thy Awful Scepter, to adore  
Thy *Holy Holy Holy* Name,  
And thy Perfections to proclaim !
- Heb. 10. 20  
Isa. 53.* That made thee all this Glory leave,  
A Vail of Humane Flesh receive,  
To live in Grief and Misery,  
And after all to bleed and die !
- Gal. 3. 13.  
Phil. 2. 8.  
Mat. 27.  
28—31.* To die a Death the most accurst,  
And of all Deaths the very worst ;  
To be with lingring Torments slain,  
Abus'd with Scoffs and vile Disdain !
- I Cor. 1.  
30.  
Rev. 20. 6.* All this Thou bor'st for us, that we  
Holy and happy too might be ;  
And with Thee in thy Kingdom reign,  
When Thou, dear LORD, shalt come again.

H Y M N

H Y M N XXX.

**Y**OU that the Holy JESUS love,  
Give Honour to his Name;  
The great Achievements of his Grace  
In thankful Verse proclaim.

*Cant. 1. 4*

Tho what your highest Thoughts surmounts  
Can never be exprest;  
Yet something of it you may tell,  
And wonder out the rest.

*Eph. 3. 18,*  
*19*

Remember all his mighty Deeds,  
His Sorrows all review;  
How he abas'd his Glorious Self,  
To bleed and die for you.

*Phil. 2. 6,*  
*7, 8.*

Remember all the Shame and Scorn,  
The Vinegar and Gall,  
The gaping Wounds thro which he pour'd  
His Vital Juices all.

*Pf. 69. 21.*  
*Mat. 27.*

His Sorrows, as his Vertues, were  
Innumerable found;  
Troubles from Earth, from Heaven and Hell,  
His spotless Soul surround.

*Cant. 5.*  
*9, &c.*  
*Isa. 53. 3.*

Crucify'd by the worst of Men,  
Forsaken by the best;  
With th' endless Number of our Sins,  
Sin's mighty Weight oppress'd.

*Acts 3. 13,*  
*14, 15.*  
*Mat. 26,*  
*56.*  
*Pf. 40. 12.*

- Gal. 3. 13.* He felt the Curses of the Law,  
*Mat. 27. 46.* His Father's Wrath sustain'd,  
 Endur'd the cruel shock of all  
*Luke 22. 53.* The Powers of Hell unchain'd.  
*Acts 1. 9. 10.* But after all victorious prov'd,  
 In Triumph did ascend,  
*2Tim. 4. 8.* And now prepares us Crowns and Thrones,  
*Rev. 3. 21.* And Joys that ne're shall end.

## H Y M N XXXI.

[As the 25 Psalm.]

- John 6. 32, 33, 34.* **L**ORD, Thou hast treated us  
 With true and living Bread,  
 Thy Body, as upon the Cross,  
 The painful Cross, it bled.  
*Mat. 26. 27, 28.* Thy Blood's a precious Wine,  
 The Heart of God it cheers;  
*Judg. 9. 13.* With Heav'nly Sweets, and Joys Divine,  
*Rom. 8. 33, 34.* It calms our guilty Fears.  
*Joh. 19. 34.* A Living Spring thy Side,  
*Pf. 22. 14.* Thy pierc'd Side did impart,  
 Through which a vital Juice did glide  
 Down from thy melting Heart.  
*Pf. 22. 16.* This Crimson Stream, with those  
 Thy Hands and Feet did yield,  
*Zech. 13. 1.* A Bath for Sinners does compose,  
 In which they're cleans'd and heal'd.

Such

# Hymn 32. Lord's Supper.

41

Such Blessings, LORD, in Thee,  
If at thy Cross we meet,  
What Joys will in thy Kingdom be,  
Joys how Divinely Sweet !

Mat. 26.  
29.

When thou with Glory crown'd,  
Thy Saints on Thrones wilt place,  
And satiate all thy Guests around  
With th' Vision of thy Face.

Rev. 3. 21.

1 Joh. 3. 2.

From that blest Paradise  
None e're shall be exil'd ;  
None by a Serpent's tempting Voice,  
Of Joy and Life beguil'd.

Rev. 22. 3.  
& 20. 10,  
14.

The Tree of Life shall chase  
Death thence, and all its Fears :  
Rivers of Pleasure there have place,  
And there are none of Tears.

Rev. 22. 2.  
& 22. 1.  
& 21. 4.

## H Y M N XXXII.

[As the 100 Psalm.]

**L**ET all who love our Saviour's Name,  
That Name so full of Heav'nly Grace,  
In Songs of Triumph spread his Fame  
Through every Age, and every Place.

Cant. 1.  
3, 4.

He kindly laid aside his Crown,  
And Robes of awful Majesty,  
And in a Servant's Form came down  
To bear a Cross, and on it die.

Phil. 2. 6,  
7, 8.

With

- Heb.* 5. 7. With Tears, and Sweat, and Blood imbru'd,  
*Luk.* 22. 44. This Holy Lamb was sacrific'd;  
*Isa.* 53. 7. Jeer'd by the barbarous Multitude,  
*Mat.* 27. And by profaner Priests despis'd.  
 40—44.
- 1 Cor.* 15. But dying thus, he pluck'd the Sting  
 54—57. From Death; and rising from the Grave,  
*Joh* 18. 14. He triumph'd o're the mighty King  
*Heb.* 2. 14. Of Terrors, as his Captive Slave.
- Acts* 1. 9, Then to his Heav'nly Throne was rais'd,  
 10. Whence he'll descend again to be  
*Phil.* 2. 9, Throughout this World ador'd and prais'd  
 10, 11. By every Tongue, and every Knee.
- Tho Tears, and Blood, and Spittle, here  
 Clouded, profan'd, and marr'd his Face,  
*Rev.* 1. 16. The Mid-day Sun is not so clear,  
 Now 'tis adorn'd with Heavenly Grace.
- Rev.* 5. Angelick Songs his Beauties praise,  
 9, &c. While, clad in glorious Robes of Light,  
*Mat.* 17. 2. He darts innumerable Rays  
*1 Tim.* 6. Around, for mortal Eyes too bright.  
 16.
- Ezek.* 16. This Glory Adam's Sons partake,  
 5—15. Who once deform'd and odious were;  
*1 Joh.* 1. 7. For that pure Blood he shed, can make  
 A Leprous Sinner clean and fair.
- 2 Cor.* 3. 4. Our Bodies too he will refine;  
*Phil.* 3. 21. Vile Bodies, under which we groan,  
 Shall with Immortal Beauty shine,  
 Render'd all lovely like his Own.

## H Y M N XXXIII.

What wondrous things we now behold  
 At this Myst'rious Board!  
 What copious Matter for a Song  
 Of Praises they afford!

1 Tim. 3.  
 16.  
 Gal. 3. 1.  
 Mat. 26.  
 30.

Extended on a Cross we see  
 The Lord whom we adore,  
 Both giving and receiving Wounds,  
 Bath'd in triumphant Gore.

Col. 2. 15.

No Victor's Robe so rich a Dye  
 Before did ever stain,  
 No Champion such a Victory  
 Before did ever gain.

Isa. 63. 1.

Heb. 2. 14,  
 15.

Glory and Strength his Torments add  
 To all his mighty Deeds;  
 His Enemies fly, and fall the more,  
 The more he groans and bleeds.

Heb. 2. 10.

Tho the Law's Curse lights on his Head,  
 While Satan wounds his Heel,  
 His Body's bruised by Men, his Heart  
 Death's cruel Sting does feel;

Gal. 3. 13.  
 Gen. 3. 15.  
 1 Cor. 15.  
 56.

Yet with firm Courage he o're all  
 Bears up his Conquering Head,  
 Till on their Captive Necks his Feet  
 In solemn Triumph tread.

Col. 2. 14,  
 15.

This

- Isa.* 63. 3.  
*Heb.* 10. This Shock our Lord sustain'd Alone,  
 12, 13, 14. But makes us share the Spoils ;  
*Mat.* 27. He felt his Father's dreadful Frowns,  
 46. That we might have his Smiles.  
*Rom.* 8. 15.  
*Isa.* 1. 6. To cure our Wounds and putrid Sores  
 & 53. 5. Was pierc'd in every Limb ;  
*Gal.* 3. 13. His Cross, our Tree of Life, became  
 & 4. 4, 5. A Tree of Death to him.  
*Rev.* 1. 18. But tho once Dead, He's now Alive,  
 And lives for ever-more ;  
 2 *Tim.* 3. Then let his Saints, whose Life is hid  
 12. In Christ, his Name adore.

## H Y M N XXXIV.

[As the 100 Psalm.]

- 1 Pet.* 2. 3. COME let us all, who here have seen,  
 And tasted of our Saviour's Grace,  
 From his blest Table to his Cross,  
 In Thought, his weary Footsteps trace.

- Luk.* 23. 33 Let's trace Him up to *Calvary*,  
 Not leave him as his Followers did,  
*Mat.* 26. Who having at his Table sup'd,  
 56. Forsook their suffering Lord, and fled.

- John* 18. 1. Into the Garden first he goes,  
*Mat.* 26. Where Mortal Fears beset him round ;  
 38. Sins pressing Weight o'whelms his Soul,  
*Mark* 14. And sinks his Body to the Ground.

35.

Here

4. Hymn 34. *Lord's Supper.*

45

Here, prostrate as he lies, he groans,  
And pours out Prayers with fervent Cries,  
Till he sweats Drops of Blood, to mix  
With Floods that issue from his Eyes.

*Luk. 22. 44*  
*Heb. 5. 7.*

Yet are his Sorrows but begun ;  
By one Disciple he's betray'd,  
Another Him with Oaths denies,  
The rest all run like Sheep afraid.

*Mat. 26.*  
*48.*  
*Ver. 69, &c*  
*Ver. 31, 56.*

Falsly accus'd, he's, doom'd to die ;  
Loaded with Blasphemy and Scorn,  
He's rudely buffeted and bound,  
His Sacred Flesh with Scourges torn.

*Ver. 59, 60.*  
*Ver. 66,*  
*67, 68.*  
*Mat. 27. 2.*  
*Ver. 26.*

His Temples wear a Wreath of Thorns,  
Spittle his reverend Face profanes ;  
His weary Shoulders bear a Cross,  
On which he suffers Mortal Pains.

*Ver. 29.*  
*John 19.*  
*17, 18.*

Between two Thieves he lingring dies,  
While thousand Tortures on him meet ;  
His Heart's dissolv'd within, his Blood  
Flows out in Streams from Hands and Feet.

*Mat. 27.*  
*38.*  
*Psal. 22.*  
*14, 15, 16.*

These Streams, join'd with that other Flood  
That gush'd out from his wounded Side,  
Compose a Sovereign Bath, wherein  
The Leprous Soul is purify'd.

*John 19.*  
*34.*  
*Zech. 13. 1-*

H Y M N

## H Y M N XXXV.

*Psal.* 65. 4. **H**appy are they our LORD has chose  
 In his blest Courts to dwell ;  
*Psal.* 29. 9. His Praises still their Thoughts employ,  
 Their Tongues his Glory tell.

*Psal.* 27. 4. There He his Loveliness makes known  
 To all who love his Name;  
*Isa.* 28. 5. To them he is a glorious Crown,  
 And beauteous Diadem.

*Psal.* 23. 5. With a Celestial Banquet there  
 His Table's richly spread :  
*Luke* 22. The Wine's the Tincture of his Veins,  
 19, 20. His Body is the Bread.

*Cant.* 5. 1. To entertain his happy Friends,  
*Psal.* 23. 5. He oft repeats his Call ;  
*Mat.* 22. Pours fragrant Oil upon their Heads,  
 11, 12. Gives Robes to clothe 'em all.

*Isa.* 57. 15. Nay, every contrite Mind to him  
*Pf.* 31. 17. A Holy Temple proves :  
 For humble Souls are his Delight,  
 And He dwells where he loves.

He at the Door of every Heart  
*Rev.* 3. 20. Does friendly Calls renew ;  
 " Open to Me, and you shall sup  
 " With Me, and I with you.

And

# Hymn 36. Lord's Supper.

47

And will the High and Lofty One  
Vouchsafe to dwell with Men?  
*Open Eternal Doors, and let  
The King of Glory in.*

*Isa. 57. 15.*

*Psal. 24.  
7, &c.*

This Entertainment, LORD, of Thine,  
So gen'rous and so free,  
Cost many a Pang, and many a Groan,  
And many a Wound to Thee.

*1 Pet. 1.  
18, 19.*

Eternal Praise to thy Great Name,  
By all the Host of Heaven,  
By every Nation, every Tongue,  
And every Heart be given.

*Revel. 5.  
9, &c.*

## H Y M N XXXVI.

[As the 100 Psalm.]

**W**HAT mighty Conqueror do we see,  
Whose Garments are distain'd  
(with Blood,  
Whose rich Apparel seems to be  
All tinctur'd in a Crimson Flood?

*Isa. 63. 1.*

Like one who has the Winepress trod,  
Whose Clothes the Grape has purpl'd o're?  
Ah! 'tis the Blessed Son of God,  
All full of Wounds, all stain'd with Gore.

*Ver. 2.*

*Isa. 53. 5.*

A Mighty Conqueror indeed,  
Who conquers by receiving Blows;  
To give Wounds, is content to bleed;  
And by his Death subdues his Foes.

*Heb. 2. 14,  
15.*

Hc

- Isa.* 63.3. He treads 'em down, tho all Alone,  
And with their Blood his Vesture's stain'd,  
But first is all bath'd in his own,  
His own by many a Wound is drain'd.
- Col.* 2. 15. His Blood Hell's subtle Powers confounds,  
To them a Mortal Liquor proves,  
*Luke* 10. But is a Balm to heal our Wounds,  
34. A Wine to chear the Souls he loves.
- Joh.* 19.34. The Vessels that contain'd this Juice,  
& 20. 25. A Spear and ruder Nails did broach ;  
And while his Flesh they pierce and bruise,  
*Pf.* 69. 20. His Heart was broken with Reproach.
- Isa.* 53. 5. But bruis'd, and broke, and mangled thus,  
This Sacrifice our Pardon gain'd ;  
*Mat.* 26. And thus prepar'd, is Food to us,  
26, 27. By which we live, and are sustain'd.
- Pf.* 78. 24. Thrice happy they, whose Tents around  
*Pf.* 116.13. Such Heavenly Blessings still are spread !  
*John* 6. Whose Cup is with Salvation crown'd,  
31, 32, 33. Their Board with True and Living Bread !
- Rom.* 5.20. Praise Him whose Mercies know no end,  
2 *Chron.* But to a vaster Sum arise  
28. 9. Than Sins themselves ; for *these* extend  
*Pf.* 108. 4. To Heaven, but *those* above the Skies.

H Y M N

## H Y M N XXXVII.

[As the 100 Psalm.]

Others may tell of famous things  
 Done by their Heroes and their Kings ;  
 The LORD we serve, them all exceeds  
 For mighty Sufferings, mighty Deeds.

Rom. 5.  
 7, 8.

The Torments he has undergone,  
 The glorious Trophies he has won,  
 Armies of wondring Angels cause  
 To fill the Heavens with loud Applause.

1 Pet. 1.  
 12.  
 Rev. 5.  
 11, 12.

Deep in our Breasts let us record  
 The Story of our Dying LORD :  
 As we his kind Memorials view,  
 Our Wonder, and our Songs renew.

1 Cor. 11.  
 24, 25, 26.  
 Mat. 26.  
 30.

From Heaven the *Lord of Glory* came,  
 On Earth to bear Reproach and Shame ;  
 The Son of God his Face to vail,  
 Assumes a Body weak and frail.

Jam. 2. 1.  
 Isa. 50. 6.  
 John 1. 14.

The *King of Kings* a Crown adorns,  
 Instead of Gems, all set with Thorns :  
 He whom the Angels prais'd and blest,  
 Is made the Rabble's Scorn and Jest.

Rev. 19. 16  
 Isa. 6. 3.  
 compar'd  
 with John  
 12. 41.

The *Meek*, the *Just*, the *Holy One*  
 Under the Weight of Sin does groan.  
 The Prince of Life would learn to die,  
 And be as Low as he was High.

Mat. 21. 5.  
 Acts 3. 14.  
 15.  
 Phil. 2. 6.

He 7, 8.

1 Tim. 4. 8. He that distributes Crowns and Thorns,  
 Rev. 3. 21. Hangs on a Tree, and bleeds, and groans :  
 Aik. 10. 39. He on a Cross resigns his Breath,  
 Rev. 1. 18. Who keeps the Keys of Hell and Death.

'Twas thus, because he'd have it so,  
 Job. 10. 11. That we his Wondrous Love might know  
 Mat. 26. To rescue us, he was betray'd ;  
 48, 49, 50. To make us free, a Pris'ner made ;

Pf. 22. 15. To raise us, in the Dust did roll :  
 Isa. 53. 4, 5. Bore many Wounds to make us whole :  
 To give us Pleasure, felt our Pain ;  
 Rom. 6. 23. And dy'd that we might Life obtain.

1 Cor. 15. Thus Sin, Death, and the Powers of Hell  
 54—57. Conquer'd, disarm'd, and wounded fell.  
 Col. 2. 15. He mounted then his Throne above,  
 Eph. 4. 8. And conquers Sinners by his Love.  
 2 Cor. 5. 20.

LORD, since our Pardon, and our Bliss,  
 1 Cor. 6. 20. Were bought at such a Price as this ;  
 1 Cor. 7. As Thou art ours, we're Thine alone ;  
 22, 23. Thine will we be, and not our own.

H Y M N

H Y M N XXXVIII.

**W**hen Christ, at *Simon's* Table plac'd, *Luke 7. 36,*  
 His sacred Doctrine taught; *37, 38.*  
 A Penitent behind him stood,  
 Whom Love had rather brought.

She with Devotion kiss'd his Feet,  
 Bath'd 'em with flowing Eyes,  
 Then drys 'em with her spreading Locks,  
 And fragrant Oil applies.

'Twas Love these Funeral Tears prepar'd *Ver. 47.*  
 Before her LORD was dead, *Mat. 26.*  
 Official Love supply'd the Balm *12.*  
 Before his Wounds had bled.

Her Faith the Virtue of his Blood  
 Apply'd, before 'twas spilt;  
 To wash her Soul from every Stain, *Joh. 1. 7.*  
 And expiate her Guilt.

The Saviour's sympathizing Heart  
 Her pious Sorrow feels;  
 Commends her Faith, her Love applauds, *Ver. 47, 50.*  
 His pard'ning Grace reveals.

Thus every Soul succeeds, that bows  
 At the Redeemer's Feet;  
 Those who repent, believe and love,  
 Christ at his Table meet.

Rom. 5. 20.  
21.

The Motions of thy Sovereign Grace,  
LORD, let no Sin controul ;  
Forgiving Glances from thy Eyes  
Will ravish every Soul.

Luk. 22. 19.

These Faithful Pledges of thy Love  
Declare Thee still the same :  
For these Memorials of thy Cross  
We praise thy sacred Name.

## H Y M N XXXIX.

[As the 100 Psalm.]

Gal. 2. 20.

COME let us go and die with Him,  
Who was content to die for us ;  
Let's wound and crucify those Sins  
That nail'd our Saviour to his Cross.

Isa. 53. 5, 6.

2Cor. 7. 11.

May Holy Indignation raise  
A Just Revenge in every Breast !

Pf. 97. 10.

May every Soul, that JESUS loves,  
The very Thoughts of Sin detest !

Rom. 2. 8, 9.

Hence all ye viprous Brood of Vice  
That bring a Train of endless Woes ;  
O how I loath and hate you now,  
Both as my own and Saviour's Foes !

49. 2. 23.

Yours are the bloody Hands that seiz'd,  
That bound, that buffeted, and slew

Ch. 3. 14,

The Lord of Life, that on the Cross  
Your poison'd Arrows at him threw.

55.

You

# Hymn 39. Lord's Supper.

53

You are the barbarous Enemies,  
Who still refuse that Christ should reign;  
Justice demands you all should be  
Drag'd forth without the Camp and slain.

*Luk. 19. 14.*

*Ver. 27.*

Hence all your vain deluding Arts,  
Which the unwary Soul beguile;  
These have no charms for one that sees  
Redeeming Mercy on him smile.

*Heb. 3. 13.*

*Gal. 6. 4.*

My Robes, when wash'd in sacred Blood,  
Shall I again with Blots deface?  
My Soul, by Grace advanc'd to Heav'n,  
Shall I again to Hell debase?

*Rev. 7. 13,*

*14.*

*Ch. 3. 4.*

*Luke 10.*

*15.*

Prevent me, O Almighty Grace!  
Nor let me e'er so treacherous prove,  
To crucify my LORD afresh,  
And render Hate for all his Love!

*Heb. 6. 6.*

*Pf. 109. 4,*

*5.*

*1 Pet. 2. 21,*

*22.*

*Col. 3. 16.*

*Rom. 6. 6.*

*Rev. 5. 8.--*

His Life the Model be of mine;  
His Word the Rule to guide my Ways;  
His Cross the Death of all my Crimes;  
His Love the Subject of my Praise.

E 3

H Y M N

## H Y M N XL.

- Heb.* 12. 22. **L**ET all, who enter *Sion's* Gate,  
*Pf.* 100. 4. And in God's sacred Courts attend,  
*Heb.* 4. 16. Praise Him before his Holy Seat,  
*Eph.* 3. 18. Whose Mercy knows no Bounds or End.  
 19.  
*Pf.* 103. 1. To the Soul's inward Harmony  
*Pf.* 100. 1. Join the sweet Musick of the Tongue ;  
*1 Cor.* 14. No jarring Thought admitted be,  
 15. No Mind untun'd, no Hearr unstrung.  
*Col.* 3. 16. Praise Him, who did not spare to send  
*Rom.* 8. 32. From Heaven his own Eternal Son,  
 To vail himself in Flesh, and end  
*Heb.* 10. 20. That Life in Blood which Tears begun.  
*Isa.* 53. 2, 3.  
*John.* 1. 18. Praise that Redeemer, who forsook  
*Phil.* 2. 6, The Bosom of his Father's Love ;  
 7, 8. The Guilt of Sinners on him took,  
*2 Cor.* 5. 21. The Pain without the Crime to prove.  
*Isa.* 53. 5, 6. And praise that bright Immortal Dove,  
*Mat.* 3. 16. Who contrite Hearts with Joy inspires,  
*Pf.* 14. 3. And sheds abroad Redeeming Love  
*Rom.* 5. 5. To warm our Breasts with holy Fires.  
  
*1 Joh.* 5. 7. O Praise the Sacred Three in One,  
 To whose Love, Wisdom, Power, we owe  
*2 Tim.* 1. 10. That Bliss which is in Time begun,  
 But shall with Time no period know.

H Y M N

## H Y M N XLI.

**T**HE Sun of Righteousness has shin'd,  
And God's new Covenant has reveal'd  
Christ's Hand the sacred Bond has sign'd,  
His Blood the sacred Bond has seal'd.

*Mal.* 4. 2.  
*Luke* 1. 78.  
*Heb.* 8. 6.  
*Pf.* 40. 6, 7.  
*Luk.* 22. 20

His numerous Promises assure  
Salvation on his Father's part :  
Salvation can't but be secure,  
When purchas'd with his bleeding Heart.

*2Cor.* 1. 20.  
*Heb.* 9. 13,  
14, 15.

The kind Testator freely dies  
To ratify this Testament :  
The Sacred Dove from Glory flies  
To gain the Sinner's free Consent.

*Ver.* 16, 17.  
*Mat.* 3. 16.  
*John* 16.  
7 — 16.

The Table of the LORD displays  
The Dear Memorials of his Love :  
The Church below applauds his Grace,  
In Confort with the Church above.

*Luk.* 22. 19.  
*Rev.* 7.  
9 — 15.

LORD, when we gave our selves to Thee,  
Drawn by the charming Bands of Love,  
We vow'd for ever Thine to be,  
And by thy Grace will Constant prove.

*2Cor.* 8. 5.  
*Hof.* 11. 4.  
*1Pet.* 3. 21.

Thee we have always Gracious found,  
Thy Promises are firm and true :  
The Tyes wherewith our Souls are bound,  
We now most solemnly renew.

*Pf.* 36.  
5 — 8.  
*Pf.* 119.  
106.

*Act.* 9. 6. Command, and we'll obey thy Call;  
*Mark* 8. We'll take our Cross, and follow Thee  
 34, 35. To Prison, to the Judgment-hall,  
*Job.* 18. 15. Without the Gate to *Calvary*.  
*Ch.* 19. 26,  
 27. Since Thou art ours, may we retain  
*Cant.* 2. 16. Thy Sacred Image which we bear :  
*Col.* 3. 10. Since we are thine, may we remain  
*Pf.* 119. 38. Ever devoted to thy Fear.  
  
*1Chron.* 29. Our selves to Thee, LORD, we resign,  
 10—18. All we possess to Thee belongs,  
 Thou hast our Vows, our Hearts are thine,  
 And Thou shalt ever have our Songs.

## H Y M N XLII.

[As the 100 Psalm.]

COME let us bless the Glorious Name  
*Mat.* 1. 22, Of our Great Prince *Immanuel*,  
 23. Who from Heaven's highest Regions came,  
*Pf.* 85. 13. To save us from the lowest Hell.  
  
*Acts* 3. 15. Nor did this *Prince of Life* disdain  
*1Tim.* 3. 16. A mortal Body to assume ;  
*Isa.* 53. 3. 4. To live in sorrow, dye in pain,  
*Mat.* 27. And be inter'd within a Tomb.  
 60.  
*Rom.* 5. 21. That Men, by Guilt, of Life bereav'd,  
 Might have their numerous Crimes forgiven ;  
*Rom.* 5. 10. Rebels might be to Grace receiv'd,  
*Heb.* 12. 22, I' enlarge the Family of Heaven.  
 23.

Th'An-

Th' Angelick Host this Grace admire,  
Which reconciles Apostate Man ;  
To sound that Mystick Deep desire,  
Contriv'd before the World began.

1 Pet. 1. 12.

Heb. 9. 5.

Eph. 1. 4, 5.

They with soft Musick fill'd the Air,  
When first our Saviour drew his Breath :  
They chear'd his mind oppress'd with Care,  
When tempted, and approaching Death.

Luk. 2. 13,

14.

Mat. 4. 11.

Luke 22. 43

They now around his Throne above  
To Heav'nly Ayres their Voices raise ;  
With humble Joy that Grace approve  
Which yields 'em endless Songs of Praise.

Rev. 5. 11,

12.

Rev. 7. 11,

12.

While they loud *Hallelujah's* sing  
Above our Notes, our Thoughts above ;  
In glad *Hosanna's* to our King  
We'll sing of Reconciling Love.

Rev. 19. 1.

Mat. 21. 9.

## H Y M N XLIII.

**B**Ehold the Saviour of the World  
Embru'd with Sweat and Gore,  
Expiring on that shameful Cross,  
Where he our Sorrows bore !

Mat. 27.

Compassion on lost humane Race  
Brought down Heav'ns only Son,  
To veil in flesh his radiant Face,  
And for their Sins atone.

Heb. 2. 14,

15, 16, &amp;c.

Heb. 1. 3.

Who

*1 Pet. 1. 18, 19.* Who can to love his Name forbear,  
That of his Sufferings hears,  
And finds the Ransom of his Soul  
Was Blood as well as Tears?

*Aff. 20. 28, P. 22. 12, 13.* Thy Sacred Blood, O Son of God!  
Which ran from many a Wound;  
When Earth's and Hell's malicious Powers  
All compass'd thee around:

*Joh. 19. 30.* Till Death's pale Ensigns o're thy Cheeks  
And trembling Lips were spread;  
Till Light forsook thy dying Eyes,  
And Life thy drooping Head.

*Isa. 53. 4, 5, Rev. 7. 14, 15, &c.* Joy for thy Torments we receive,  
Life in thy Death have found;  
For the Reproaches of thy Cross,  
Shall be with Glory crown'd.

*1 Joh. 4. 19, 1 Joh. 3. 3.* May we a grateful Sense retain  
Of thy Redeeming Love!  
And live *below* like those that hope  
To live with Thee *above*!

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H Y M N

## H Y M N XLIV.

While thy Love's Pledges we receive  
 In this blest Supper, LORD, we see  
 What grateful Tribute, what Returns  
 Of Love and Praise we owe to Thee.

1 Cor. 11.  
 26.  
 Ps. 116.  
 12.

O may thy Altar's holy Fire  
 In flame our Hearts, refine our Tongues !  
 May Love Divine our Breasts inspire  
 With Heav'nly Thoughts, and Heav'nly  
 (Songs!

Isa. 6. 5, 6,  
 7.  
 Cant. 1. 3,  
 4.

Tho to extol thy Wondrous Grace  
 Our Thoughts and Words too low will prove ;  
 Thou, LORD, wilt ne're refuse a Song  
 From any Heart that's tun'd with Love.

Eph. 3. 18,  
 19.  
 Job 37. 19,  
 20.

While to thy Cross we turn our Eyes,  
 And there thy Agonies review ;  
 What we deserv'd, but Thou hast born,  
 Thy Wounds, thy Groans, thy Torments  
 (shew.

Isa. 53. 4,  
 5, 6.

While Terror o're thy Soul was spread,  
 Thy cruel Foes reviling stood ;  
 While Clouds of Wrath burst on thy Head,  
 They Bath'd their Hands in sacred Blood.

Mat. 27.  
 39.  
 Isa. 53. 10.

The Sun astonish'd hid his Face,  
 The Heavens a fable Garment wore ;  
 The frighted Earth's Foundations shook,  
 And solid Rocks asunder tore :

Mat. 27.  
 45.  
 Ver. 31.

*Heb.* 9. 7, 8. The Temple's Vail was rent, to shew  
Heav'n's Throne unvail'd to our High Priest,  
*Mat.* 27. The opening Graves, and rising Saints  
52. The Virtue of his Death confess.

*Act.* 3. 15. Thou, LORD of Life, didst soon revive,  
*Ch.* 2. 24. Nor could thy Tomb Thee long retain,  
*John* 10. Who to lay down thy Life hadst pow'r,  
18. And pow'r to take it up again.

*Isa.* 53. 14. Thy Body, once with Wounds deform'd,  
*Rev.* 1. Does now with Heav'nly Glory shine,  
13—18. Adorn'd, and made a Temple fit  
For such a beauteous Soul as thine.

*Gal.* 2. 20. As once upon the cursed Tree  
*Phil.* 3. 21. Our Sins, with Thee our Saviour, dy'd :  
*Rev.* 7. 9, So, LORD, we hope to rise like Thee,  
10, &c. And sing thy Triumphs at thy Side.

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## H Y M N XLV.

*Ps.* 84. 1. **H**OW glorious is this Holy Place,  
*Joh.* 5. 48. Where Bread of Life is giv'n!  
*Gen.* 28. This surely is the House of God!  
16, 17. This is the Gate of Heav'n!

*1 Cor.* 10. JESUS, the Master of the Feast,  
16. Vouchsafes his Presence here ;  
The Cup of Blessing passes round,  
The pious Guests to cheer.

Dainties

# Hymn 45. Lord's Supper.

61

Dainties that Royal Tables bear,  
And Bowls of ruddy Wine,  
Can't with this Nobler Board compare,  
Crown'd with a Feast Divine.

*Cant. 1. 2.*  
*Pf. 5. 6, 7.*

Hence faithless Doubts, desponding Fears  
No more our Joys molest :  
Hence all vain Thoughts, and vile Desires  
No more our Souls infest.

*Mat. 9. 2.*  
*Luke 7. 47.*  
*&c.*  
*Rom. 6. 2.*

Can Sinners doubt their Pardon, when  
Their Judg upon 'em smiles ?  
Can they ungratefully rebel  
Whom JESUS reconciles ?

*Eph. 5. 2.*  
*Rom. 12. 1.*

The Merit of his Blood can calm  
The Soul with Guilt oppress ;  
The Torments of his Cross can make  
The Soul all Sin detest.

*Heb. 10. 22.*  
*Ch. 9. 14.*

JESUS, we lift our Hearts to Thee,  
To Thee our longing Eyes ;  
To Thee our solemn Vows address,  
To Thee our ardent Cries.

*Joh. 3. 14.*  
*15.*  
*Zeek. 12.*  
*10.*

O may our Sins, that made Thee bleed,  
All on thy Cross expire !  
O may the Joys, thy Banquet gives,  
Equal our warm Desire !

*Gal. 2. 20.*  
*Pf. 84. 2.*  
*Cant. 2. 3.*  
*4.*

So shall we mount upon the Wings  
Of chearful Hope and Love ;  
And here begin the Songs that we  
Shall better sing above.

*Rev. 7.*

H Y M N

## HYMN XLVI.

- Y**E happy Guests, who meet around  
This Table, your Oblations bring :  
Here every one's a Priest who has  
A Heart to love, and Tongue to sing.
- Pf.* 50. 23.  
*1 Pet.* 2. 5. Our Saviour's bleeding Sacrifice  
His boundless Love and Grace displays ;  
*Eph.* 5. 2. As a just Homage, he demands  
*Heb.* 13. 15, 16. Our Sacrifice of Love and Praise.
- Rev.* 1. 5. 'Twas Love expos'd him to Reproach,  
To unexampled Grief and Pain :  
*1 Joh.* 3. 16. Less Power than that of Love Divine  
*Joh.* 15. 13. Nor *would* nor *could* his Cross sustain.
- Mat.* 26. 36. See him abandon'd by his Friends ;  
By a perfidious Kiss betray'd ;  
*v.* 48, 49. Sold as a despicable Slave ;  
*Luk.* 22. 4, 5, 47. With Swords and Staves a Pris'ner made.
- V.* 57. See him to the Tribunal led,  
*V.* 59, 60. There charg'd with Crimes by Men suborn'd ;  
*Luke* 23. By Princes and by Priests condemn'd ;  
*Mar.* 14. 65. And by the vilest Wretches scorn'd.
- Heb.* 1. 6. That awful Face, which low Respect  
From prostrate Angels did command,  
*Mat.* 27. 27—30. Spat on by Men of servile state,  
And struck by each rude Soldier's hand.

Bearing

# Hymn 46. Lord's Supper.

63

Bearing his Cross to *Golgotha*,  
With labouring steps behold him go;  
And from his Wounds, when open'd there,  
O see what crimson Rivers flow!

*John* 19.  
16, 17.  
*Pf.* 22. 16.  
*Joh.* 19. 34.

Plung'd in these Streams, our guilty Souls  
Purg'd from their numerous Sins shall be:  
Justice and Mercy, tho provok'd  
By us, O LORD, are pleas'd with Thee.

*I Joh.* 1. 7.  
*Rom.* 3. 26.  
*Mat.* 3. 17.

O Lamb of God! who bor'st our Guilt,  
To thee immortal Praise belongs:  
While we thy Love and Sufferings sing,  
Angels shall hear, and join their Songs.

*Joh.* 1. 29.  
*Rev.* 7. 11,  
12.  
*Luk.* 2. 13,  
14.

The

*The more difficult Words explain'd.*

|                |   |
|----------------|---|
| Antitype, —    | { that which is represented<br>by a Type or Figure. |
| assume, —      | receive.  |
| attract, —     | draw.   |
| commemorate, — | bring to remembrance.                               |
| deplore, —     | bewail.   |
| Effusion, —    | pouring forth.                                      |
| exil'd, —      | banish'd.   |
| expiate, —     | make Satisfaction for.                              |
| extinguish, —  | quench.   |
| Hero, —        | a Man of a Noble Spirit.                            |
| imbibe, —      | drink up.   |
| infernal, —    | hellish.  |
| mystick, —     | secret, or obscure.                                 |
| Odor, —        | sweet Smell.  |
| prostrate, —   | with the Face to the Ground.                        |
| revere, —      | respect or reverence.                               |
| satiare, —     | satisfy.  |
| vital, —       | living.   |
| Victim, —      | sacrifice.  |
| Symbol, —      | a Sign.   |

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